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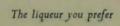
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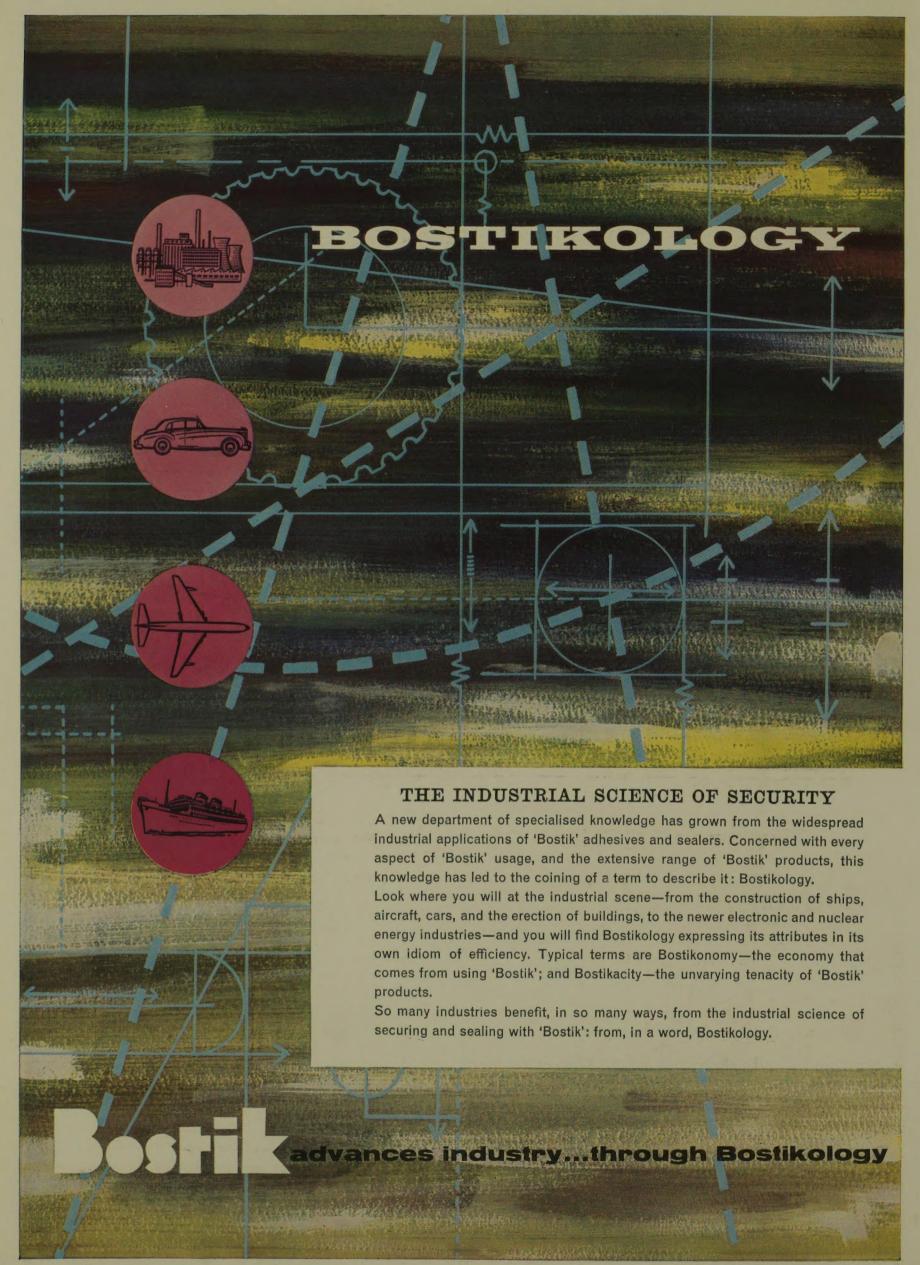


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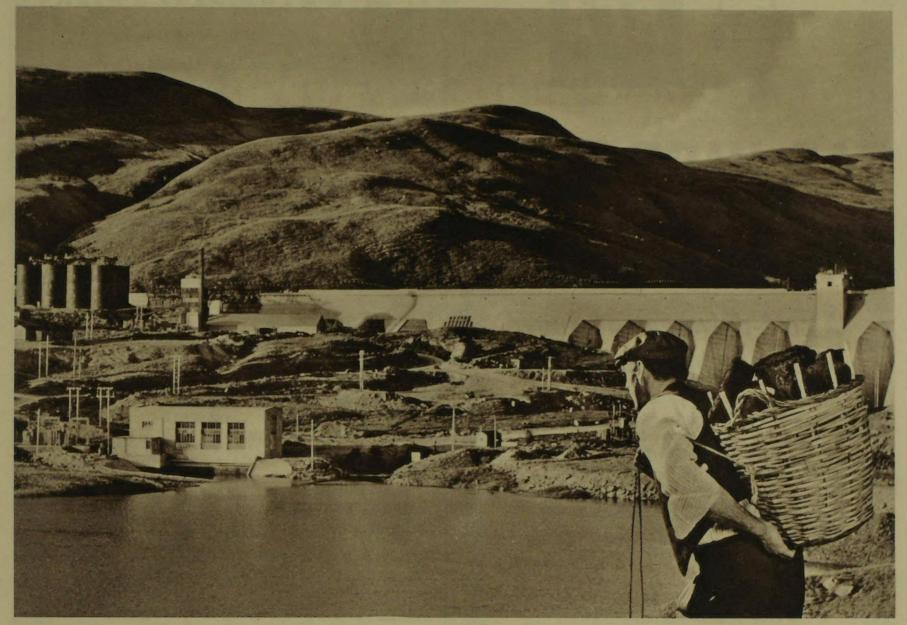


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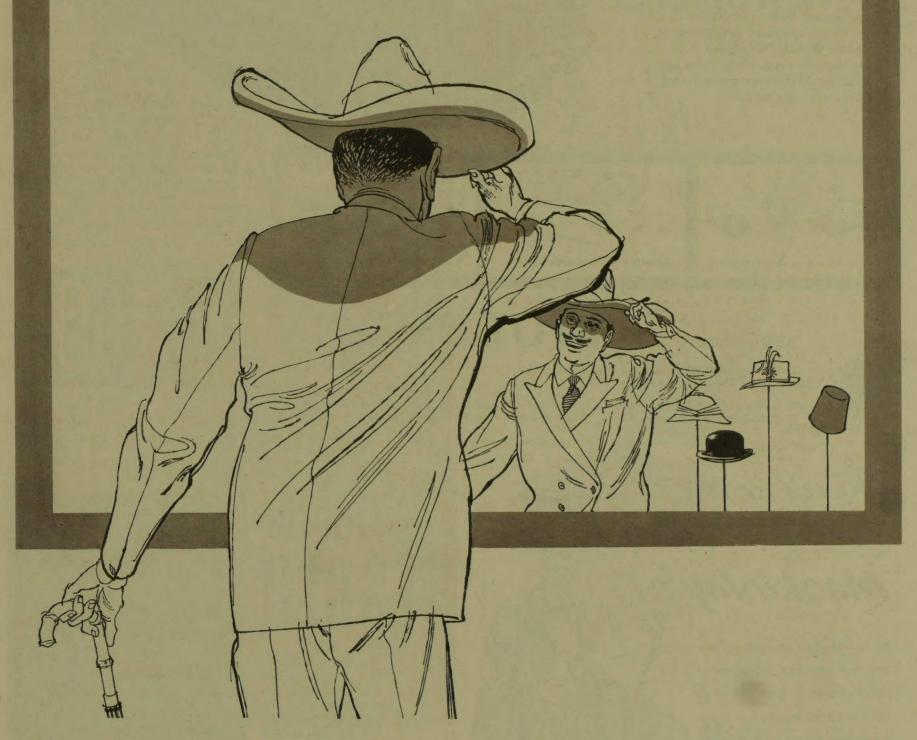
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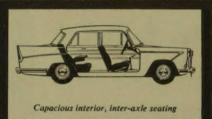
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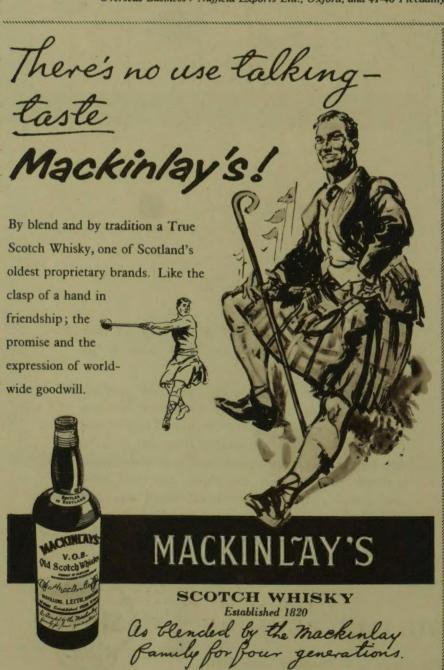
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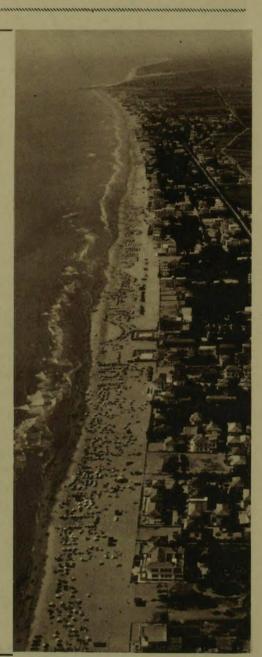
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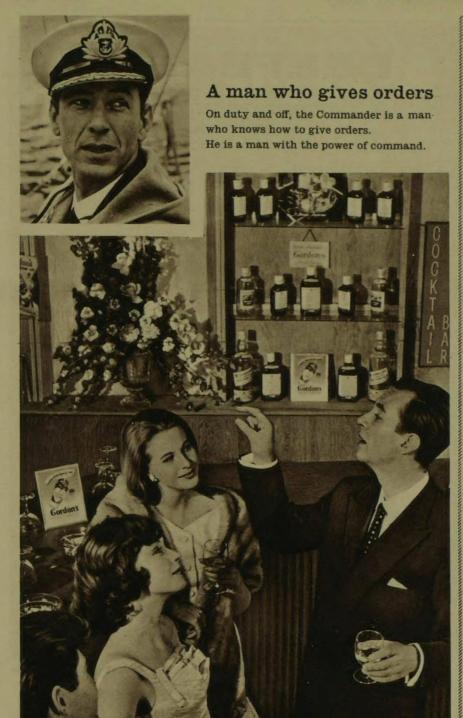
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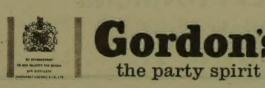
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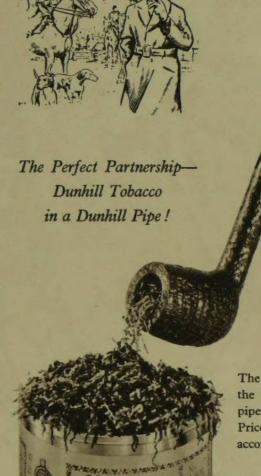
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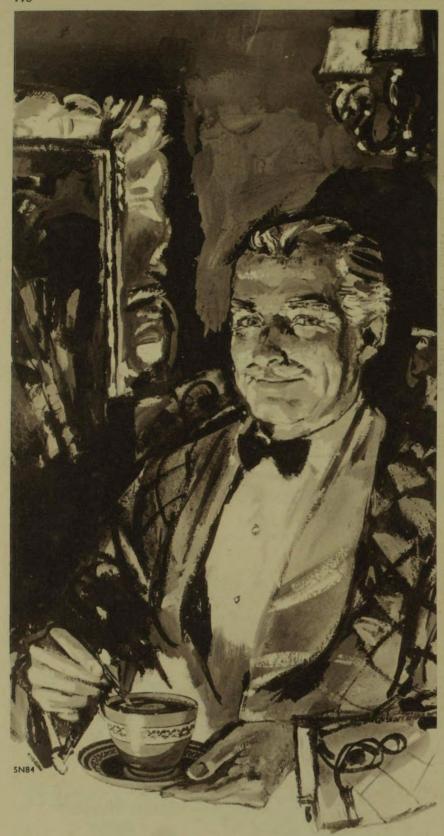
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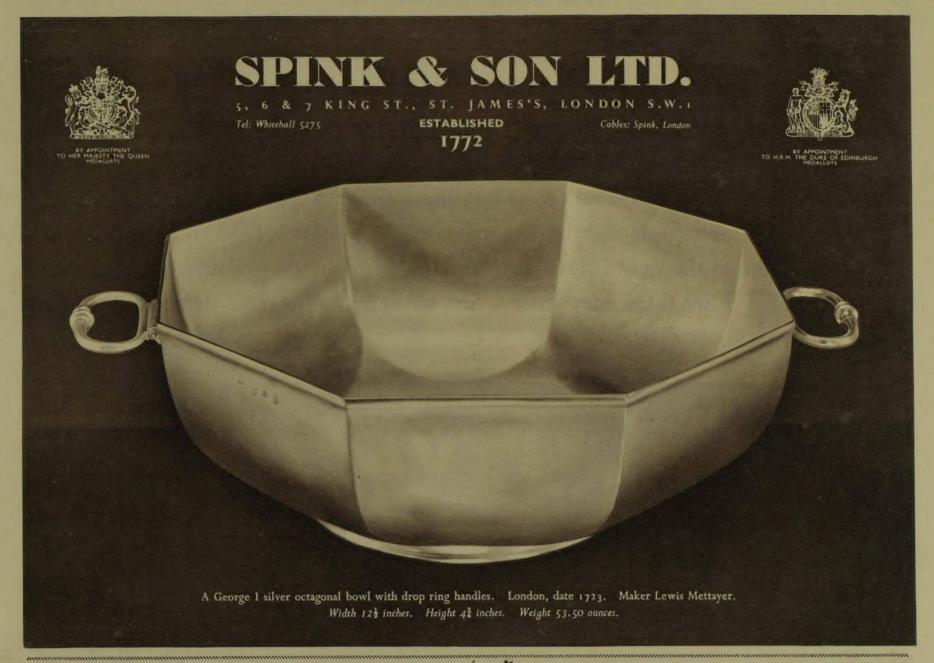
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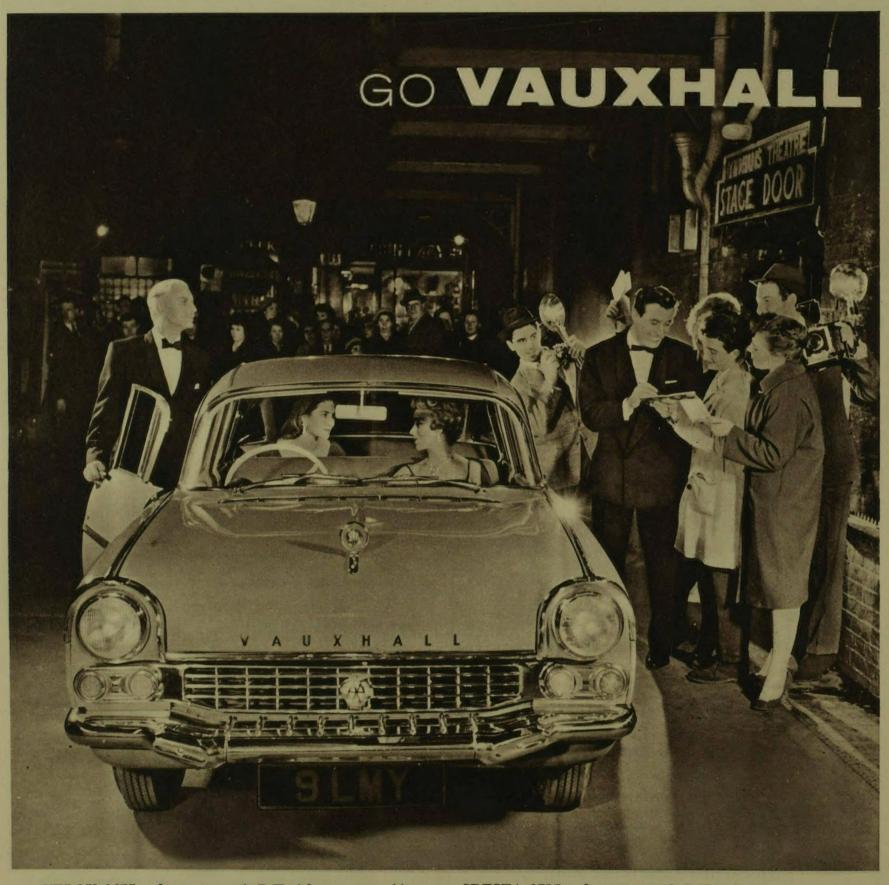
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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1959.



BEFORE LEAVING PERSIA FOR THE STATE VISIT TO BRITAIN (MAY 5-8): THE SHAH, IN SCOUT UNIFORM, TAKES THE SALUTE AT A RECENT SCOUT JAMBOREE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TEHERAN.

The Shah of Persia, noted for the active part he plays in the public life of his country, is here seen in scout uniform at a Boy Scout Jamboree held at the Amjadieh Stadium, on the outskirts of Teheran, on April 25, shortly before he left Persia for his State visit here. The programme for the visit—ending on the morning of May 8—included a State banquet at Buckingham Palace (May 5), luncheon with the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at Guildhall (May 6), and visits to the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, to the new town of Bracknell and to a ballet performance at the Royal Opera

House, Covent Garden (May 7). Before leaving Persia, the Shah spoke of the friendly relations now existing between his country and Britain. British assistance is playing a notable part in Persia's development projects, and thousands of Persian students are studying in Britain. The Shah also spoke of the reasons for the breakdown of the recent talks between the Soviet Union and Persia for a non-aggression treaty. (Since the failure of the talks a strong Soviet propaganda campaign has been directed towards Persia.) The Shah, born in 1919, succeeded his father on his abdication in 1941.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"WAR stopped our clocks." The phrase has stuck in my head and comes, I feel sure, from one of the later, and inevitably more melancholy, war poems of the First World War. I think it must be one by Siegfried Sassoon. I know exactly what the writer means, though it was an experience which, though universal among his own age group, meant nothing personally to mine, which was a few years younger than his. Those whom the Kaiser's war struck down with such a detonating effect, even when it did not slay or permanently mangle, were those who when it broke out were beginning their adult life, had just married or had set up in some profession or business or, among the jeunesse dorée of the time, were in the midst of that enchanting life of discovery and social enjoyment that lay before a young Englishman of the endowed privileged class

and which is so exquisitely and nostalgically described in Sir Osbert Sitwell's "Great Morning," and, in a more rustic and less directly autobiographical vein, by Siegfried Sassoon in "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man." For all these the tramp of the men in Prussian jackboots and pickelhaubes stopped the clocks of life, hopes and happiness for four dreadful years and, when after that delirious yet fundamentally mournful Armistice Day in the dark November of 1918, they started for them again, it was with a different tick; the clocks had themselves been shell-shocked. The present Prime Minister, the Duke of Windsor, Sir Anthony Eden, the great military commanders of the Second World War like Field Marshals Alexander and Alanbrooke, all belonged to that engulfed generation, swept from the shores of promise into the surging, all-destroying flood. Those, like myself, who had been born a few years later were still at school when the war broke out and, when we entered the waters in the middle or latter part of the war, we had already been conditioned to them, for, under the impact of the great struggle being fought out in Flanders and on the North Sea, school and home alike had

at once assumed a Spartan aspect in which we were mentally and spiritually prepared for a life which seemed to us to have no other end but the donning of khaki, of a cadet's initiatory white band and, as the hour of entering the sea approached, a Sam Browne belt. When, to our astonishment, the Armistice precipitated us once more on to dry land, it was to take up not an old life twisted almost out of recognition, but an entirely new one-

Everyone suddenly burst out singing And I was filled with such delight As prisoned birds must find in winging . .

The clocks had begun to tick again for everyone, but to us they were the real beginning, not a crippled resumption. Nor did we know then that twenty years later they would stop again as Corporal Hitler and his fellow-brownshirts of the Munich beer-cellar set their dive-bombers loose over Poland and the jackboots tramping outwards

I have been reminded of all this by re-reading Lord Esher's "Journals and Letters," one of those books, like Aubrey's "Brief Lives," Pepys' "Diary" and "The Creevey Papers," which can be enjoyed many times over. The second Lord Esher, though a courtly rather than a

bookish figure, was one of those men who are at their best with a pen in the hand and whom, whatever the impact of his personality on his own generation, posterity—if there is any posterity-will almost certainly take to its heart. His picture of the great world of the Edwardian age and the First World War has the completeness and colouring of a miniature by Hilliard or Cosway; in his excerpts, so brilliantly selected by his sons, we can see and hear the politicians, the soldiers, the aristocrats and princely figures of that vanished age as though we were with them, conferring at Compiègne or Versailles or sitting over their port at the Turf or Grillions.

It is difficult to say in what the fascination of these volumes lies even when the theme is so depressing a one as the First World War; it is hard, of course, to say what the peculiar quality

AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF THIS YEAR'S PAINTINGS: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, SPEAKING AT THE 1959 ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER. The annual dinner of the Royal Academy of Arts was held at Burlington House on April 29, with Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., in the Chair. Speaking of the recent exhibition of Russian art, Sir Charles expressed a wish that it should be followed by visits of Russian artists to England. In his response, Mr. Harold Macmillan, who was chief guest, spoke of his hopes for a summit meeting, and for a state of co-existence between East and West. Seen on the Prime Minister's right are the Soviet Ambassador and the Archbishop of Canterbury. On his left is Sir Charles Wheeler, who was sitting next to Sir Winston Churchill.

of any book is that causes men to read it with zest long after its subject has ceased to be of current import. Perhaps the key lies in a phrase of Lord Esher's in a letter to his son about the fascination of mediæval castles-" Perhaps it is because au fond I am a bit of a humanist—and, as someone said of humanism, its essence is the belief that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can ever wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, no oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream, nothing about which they have been passionate or expended time and zeal." Lord Esher was something much more than a courtier, a cross-bench political manipulator behind the scene, an eminence grise; rather surprisingly at the heart of this apparently worldly man w core of poetry. As all poets do, he saw to the heart of things. It is this that gives to so many of the jottings from his letters and journals a timeless quality: the present was vivid to him, not only because it was the present but because it was part of the continuing life of his country and of Western civilisation. In his mind it was linked to both past and future, and for that reason his present—now the past—is alive for us too. So often in his comments on current events

he hits some prophetic bull's-eye, as when he writes of the first Americans in France in 1917-"These thin-lipped, clean-shaven fellows have brought a new atmosphere with them . . .; discipline to them means the control of a man over himself-the Yankee rod will swallow up all the other rods "-or when, discussing the possibility in April 1918—so seemingly final and fatal to unimaginative minds at the time -that the British would be driven out of France, he harked instinctively back to 1805 to predict 1940:

I don't care if the enemy occupy Boulogne, they cannot destroy the hegemony of England over the oceans of the world . . . Only a hundred years ago Napoleon was walking about the dunes at Boulogne waiting for good news from the fleet. If William the Second takes the same walk, the result in the long

run will be the same if our rulers possess the old spirit that led England to stand to her guns when she stood alone in

And what other single sentence written in 1919 so accurately predicted the nature of the 1939-45 war as this?: ' Do not despise your Committee on Wireless; this and aviation are the weapons of the future."

Yes-it is the poets at heart, whether in verse or prose-the men who stand back and allow the vision God gave them to penetrate the surface-who always have the last word. One passage of Lord Esher's insight into his own age and the future struck me with particular force. Writing of Winston Churchill when that brilliant young man of destiny was at the Admiralty in 1912, he confided to King Edward VII's former Private Secretary:

I told him, what is perfectly true, that Winston, brilliant as he is, does not listen to the opposite side, and is impatient of opinions that do not coincide with his own. This is a fatal defect in a civilian Minister who has to consider the initial moves in a great war. If Winston is going to wield the armed forces of the Empire he should cure himself of this grave fault.†

The measure of that judgment was proved two years later in the slips between the cup and the lip that doomed the brilliant inspirations of Antwerp and Gallipoli to failure and, so tragically, the future Prime Minister of Britain to loss of office in what seemed at the time the greatest war in her history. And the measure of Churchill's own greatness and his capacity—the test of all true greatness in men—to learn from his past mistakes lies in the fact that a generation later, when the chance he seemed to have missed in 1915 was offered to him and his country again, he achieved just this very thing and had cured himself, through the bitterness of past experience, of the one fault that could have vitiated his priceless service to Britain and the world. It was Churand weigh advic when at the time that advice clashed with his own opinions, that made him not only the most courageous and boldest War Minister in our history, but also the wisest. And to that fact, more than any other I believe, we owe our victory in 1945.

^{* &}quot; Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher." Vol. IV, 193-4. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson.) † Idem, III, 110-11.

PRINCE PHILIP'S RETURN; THE CUP FINAL; AND POLO IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.



BEFORE THE CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SHAKING HANDS WITH S. OWEN, THE CAPTAIN AND CENTRE-HALF OF LUTON TOWN, WHO LOST 1-2





THE DELIGHTED CUP FINAL WINNER: J. BURKITT, THE NOTTS FOREST CAPTAIN, WITH THE F.A. CUP WHICH THE QUEEN HAD JUST PRESENTED TO HIM ON MAY 2 .

On April 30 the Queen took the Prince of Wales to London Airport to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, who returned home by air from Bermuda, after travelling more than 35,000 miles in a three-month tour round the world. On May 1, the Queen and Prince Philip went to Wembley to see the Football Association Cup Final, between Notts Forest and Luton Town. Despite the fact that one of the Notts Forest wingers, Dwight (who scored the first goal of the match), broke his leg about half an hour after the start, Notts Forest with only ten



AT SMITH'S LAWN, WINDSOR GREAT PARK: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING THE COMBERMERE CUP TO MR. A. G. BOYD GIBBINS, CAPTAIN OF SILVER LEYS.

men went on to win by 2-1—the first time that a depleted team has ever won the Cup Final at Wembley. Her Majesty presented the cup to the Notts Forest captain. On May 2 Prince Philip both presented the Combermere Cup (to Silver Leys) at Smith's Lawn and also played in an invitation polo match, himself scoring a goal for Windsor Park, who defeated Ascot by 4 goals to 3½. On this occasion Princess Anne (of whom a photograph appears on page 785) made her first outing after chicken-pox to see her father play.

CONVOCATION, ROYAL BIRTHDAYS AND VISITS, AND FLOWERS FOR A PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

(Left.) A TRADITIONAL FIF-TIETH BIRTHDAY GIFT: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHER-LANDS, WHOSE BIRTH-DAY WAS ON APRIL 30,

DAY WAS ON APRIL 30, RECEIVES AN "ABRA-HAM," WHICH IS A TYPE OF BREAD. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands was fifty on April 30. One of the gifts she received was an "Abraham," which is a decorative kind of bread traditionally presented to people on their fiftieth birthday. The Royal family acknowledged the cheers of the crowd from the entrance to the Palace.

(Right.)
STANDING AT THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
ROYAL PALACE: QUEEN JULIANA, PRINCE BERNHARD AND THEIR FOUR DAUGHTERS ON THE OCCASION OF THE QUEEN'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.





WITH POPE JOHN XXIII IN THE VATICAN CITY: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, WHO WAS RECEIVED IN PRIVATE AUDIENCE BY THE PONTIFF ON APRIL 30. THE KING STOPPED IN ROME ON HIS WAY BACK TO AMMAN AFTER HIS 56-DAY TOUR.



A GIFT TO THE POPE FROM THE CITIZENS OF BERGAMO, HIS HOME TOWN: A TRIPLE CROWN OF SILVER, WITH GOLD HOOPS, WHICH IS NOW ON DISPLAY IN THE CHIESA DELLE GRAZIE, BERGAMO.



AT THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY ON APRIL 28, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM VISITING THE ANGLICAN COMMUNITIES OF THE FAR EAST: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR. FISHER, GIVING THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.



ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIFTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY ON APRIL 29: THE EMPEROR HIROHITO WITH HIS FAMILY ON THE BALCONY OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, TOKYO.

One of the rare occasions when the Emperor Hirohito has made a public appearance with his family was on his fifty-eighth birthday. With him on the balcony of the Imperial Palace are, 1. to r.: Princess Suga, Prince Yoshi, the Empress Nagako, Crown Prince Akihito and Crown Princess Michiko.



LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY FOR MME. DE GAULLE: A CIFT OF THESE TRADITIONAL FLOWERS WAS MADE BY TWO PARIS MARKET PORTERS ON MAY 1.

Lilies-of-the-valley, traditionally worn in France on the first day in May, were presented to the French President and his wife by a delegation of Les Halles market porters, accompanied by two beauty queens who are seen on the left.

PRINCESS ANNE'S FIRST OUTING; KING HUSSEIN IN ENGLAND; AND OTHER ROYAL OCCASIONS.





KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, LEAVING THE HAYMARKET THEATRE WHERE



KING HUSSEIN IN FLYING KIT (LEFT) WITH MR. FRANK BULLEN WALKING TO THE HAWKER HUNTER ADVANCED TRAINER THEY HAD SEEN "THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY." IN WHICH HE FLEW FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF SOUND. Towards the end of his visit to this country, on April 27, King Hussein went to the test airfield at Dunsfold and for 41 minutes flew a Hawker Hunter advanced trainer, accompanied by Mr. Frank Bullen, Hawker's chief production test pilot. King Hussein, who is a qualified pilot, exceeded the speed of sound over the Channel.

IN CORDUROY SLACKS AND GUMBOOTS: PRINCESS ANNE HAS HER FIRST OUTING AFTER CHICKEN-POX AND, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES, GOES TO WATCH HER FATHER PLAY POLO.

Princess Anne was not sufficiently recovered from chicken pox on April 30 to go with her mother, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales to meet the Duke of Edinburgh at London Airport when he returned from his world tour. On the Sunday following, however, warmly clothed with gumboots, leather jacket and corduroy slacks, she made her first outing with her mother and brother at Smith's Lawn to watch her father playing polo for Windsor Park against Ascot—his first game of polo for nine months.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, HONORARY COLONEL, THE INNS OF COURT REGIMENT, WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT, AFTER THE PARADE AT WHICH SHE TOOK THE SALUTE IN THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS ON MAY 1





THE LAYING ON OF HANDS: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND A NUMBER OF BISHOPS LAYING THEIR HANDS ON THE HEAD OF THE REV. MERVYN STOCKWOOD, BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK On May 1, at a ceremony in Southwark Cathedral attended by Princess Margaret, who is patron of the Friends of Southwark Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood as Bishop of Southwark and Canon W. F. P. Chadwick as Bishop Suffragan of Barking.



PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING WITH THE PROVOST OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL AFTER ATTENDING THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

GAY AND GRAVE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

teyn was under arrest; she was being questioned by the Chief of Police of the Republic of Panama; she was coming home; she had arrived home; some odd things were being quoted from her mail; there was talk of a demand from Panama that she should be extradited. This was all very interesting, but so far as can be seen at present its political significance is small. It looks like a family matter rather than a national one. Dame Margot's husband is no Fidel Castro and his quarrel with the Panama Government is largely his own.

FOR the better part of a week I

devoted to the tribulations of the

greatest and most popular ballerina of

modern times than to any other sub-

ject in the news. Dame Margot Fon-

suppose that more newsprint was

Since then there has been a landing in Panama from Cuba. The invaders are said to have numbered about ninety, of whom about eighty were Cubans. Not exactly a national revolt in its origin, however it develops. On April 29 Dr. Castro intervened, at the time of writing without effect. An emissary sent by him to Panama tried to persuade the invaders to abandon their venture, but they decided after some debate not to do so. One must hasten to add that, if some resemblances to opéra bouffe appear, the numbers

proportion of civil wars keeps remarkably steady. To-day, however, a new cause has appeared. It is not, as before, wholly a struggle between autocracy and democracy. It is now at least as often a fight between have-nots and haves.

There can be no doubt also that the success of Dr. Castro in Cuba has given a stimulus to the spirit which launches the latter kind of revolt. All Latin America is ringing with his fame and would-be Castros must be plentiful. He himself laid it down that his rôle was to be that of overthrowing dictators. They have taken note of the threat, particularly the President of the Dominican Republic, one of the most dictatorial. They probably realise that, though Dr. Castro's physical power is not great, his spiritual influence is strong; also that his strategic position in Cuba is a valuable asset. They must also be aware that in many cases he would find support in local discontent.

and their representatives abroad. Jealousy and suspicion of such great power are probably among the causes. Intellectuals think that all American citizens are materialist. They should read avant garde literature, though I admit I cannot read much.

American investment is another factor. It is, of course, beneficial to the countries in which it takes place, and if the profits often stick in the hands of rulers and bosses, that is not the fault of the United States. Should, however, the view prevail that the United States Government looked upon its investments or those of its financiers and business concerns as identified with the status quo in badly-governed countries, the effects would be extremely unfortunate. This is a natural tendency because investments may be imperilled by revolution, but it is one over which it is necessary in these circumstances to keep a tight control.

I sometimes hear British businessmen engaged in trade with, for example, Brazil, say: "We've got to recognise that the Americans look on Brazil as their trade zone. They 're never exactly hostile to us, but they're inclined to regard us as in-truders." My only evidence in support of such statements is that those who make them are



"THE THREE FOOTBALLERS": FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (CENTRE) IN THE KREMLIN WITH (RIGHT) MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MARSHAL SOKOLOVSKY. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery reached Moscow by air from Paris in a Russian Tu-104 jet airliner on the regular service, on the evening of April 28, for a brief private visit. At the airport he was met by Mr. Hilary Young, British Minister and Chargé d'Affaires, and Marshal Sokolovsky, Chief of Staff of the Soviet Armed Forces (whom he already knew). On the following day he spent two hours and a quarter with Mr. Khrushchev in the Kremlin. Most of the talk was private, but while the photographers were present, the Field Marshal and Mr. Khrushchev talked of their common interest in football and

of the fact that they were both holders of the Order of Suvorov; and when they posed together with Marshal Sokolovsky for the photographers, the Field Marshal said: "Three generals together." Mr. Khrushchev quickly disavowed this honour; and Lord Montgomery amended it to "Three footballers, then," in which Mr. Khrushchev concurred. In the afternoon, after luncheon in the Soviet Army Officers' Club, the Field Marshal visited Moscow University and a children's department store, where he chose some presents for his grandchildren.

of the invading force are not a subject for humour. It is a force of sufficient strength to overthrow the Government with some slight aid from within, if that should become available.

Whatever happens, it is certain that the United States Government is watching the affair with close attention. It has always been extremely sensitive about this leased waterway, the strategic importance of which has hardly lessened. In the old days a detachment of Marines would have been on the spot by now, but usages have changed of late in this respect. In any case, the action of the United States, behind the scenes as well as in front, over a canal even more famous than that of Panama has made it far from easy to act as high-handedly as in the good old times of even a pacifist such as Woodrow Wilson. Still, I should expect American aircraft to become very active, especially along the north coast of Panama.

All this is petty by comparison with the issues in the background. What they amount to is a general unsettlement and, among the governments, a sense of strain not only in Central but also in South America. This is not an unusual state of affairs. Every now and again some authority on Latin America takes it upon himself to prophesy that it will not be the scene of such constant revolutionary movements as in the past. They are always proved wrong and the average

Of late Dr. Castro has shown more caution. One reason is that he has discovered the United States, people as well as Government, to be better disposed to him and his régime than he had at first supposed. A second may be that he is in need of funds for the further development of Cuba and is unlikely to obtain it from the United States if he blows on dormant fires in Latin America, especially in Panama. He did say something to the effect that he disapproved of such a venture. At the same time, there is no reason to believe that he could not have stopped the little expedition which landed in Panama. It is notoriously easy to slip over from Cuba to various points on the mainland, but this time "Our Man in Havana" was comparatively wideawake and in no doubt that something of the sort was being

It cannot be denied that the widespread enthusiasm for the United States in Spanish and Portuguese America which obtained during the Second World War has been dimmed in recent years. In some cases, as Vice-President Nixon is aware, it has been succeeded by positive dislike, anyhow among a large section of the population. This is certainly not entirely the fault of the United States. In relation to its power her United States. In relation to its power her Government has indeed shown itself in the main gentle and forbearing in its methods, though the same cannot always be said of its great businesses

neither untruthful in other respects nor given to fanciful judgments concerning their means of livelihood. It is possible that they exaggerate unintentionally. We may be sure, however, that where anything of the sort is said by foreign merchants it is said also in the countries with which they deal. At some times and in some places it may not matter much, but it is likely to matter in the Latin America of to-day, and especially since the successful revolution in

Am I making too much of Dr. Castro? If I appear to be, the error lies in my writing. I think it possible that he may be no more than a symbol. Even then it may be said that symbols count for a good deal—some popular newspapers whose readers in the majority cannot absorb ideas set up symbols in their place. Again, Dr. Castro may be used by more intellectual but less colourful and prepossessing men as an instrument to further their designs. But tools can be formidable in clever hands. Finally, he may fizzle out. The probability is that for the time being he represents something in the psychological field. If he proves a good influence, that will be welcome. If he turns out to be a bad one, it would be well not to play into his hands by failure to ponder on the nature of his influence and the directions in which it is likely to be

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



GIBRALTAR. A NEW INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, WHICH IS TO BE BUILT WITHIN THE NEXT TWO YEARS AT PARSON'S

LODGE BATTERY SITE AT A COST OF NEARLY £1,000,000.

A concession has been granted to a syndicate of London and Gibraltar businessmen by the Gibraltar Government, for the erection of a sporting club at Parson's Lodge Battery site, Gibraltar. Building work is expected to begin within a few weeks and will take two years to complete.

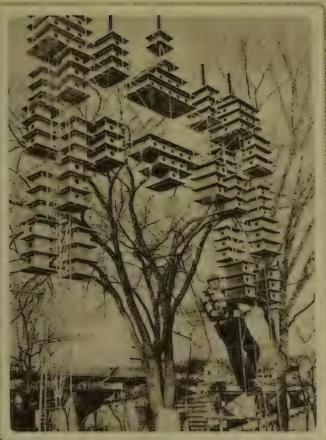


DENMARK. TO LIVE ON WATER, GRAPE-SUGAR AND FISH FOR FIVE DAYS: THE FIRST MAN ABOARD THE RAFT.

As part of the Danish sea-rescue tests being carried out with new rubber rafts, five Danish naval officers have volunteered to spend five days afloat living only on water, grape-sugar and what fish they are able to catch. Commander P. E. Nordbrandt is shown climbing aboard.



LAS VEGAS, U.S.A. A GOLF CHAMPION'S PRIZE IN 10,000 SILVER DOLLARS: MR. M. SOUCHAK (CENTRE) RUNS HIS FINGERS THROUGH SOME OF THE COINS WHICH HE WON IN THE TOURNA-MENT OF CHAMPIONS. HE HAD A FINAL ROUND OF 77 STROKES AND A TOTAL OF 281 OVER 72 HOLES. ALSO TAKING A HANDFUL OF THE PRIZE-MONEY IS HIS WIFE, NANCY.



WISCONSIN, U.S.A. A NEW HOUSING ESTATE FOR NESTING BIRDS: MR. JEROME VERHASSELT AT WORK ON HIS NEWLY-BUILT ALUMINIUM "BLOCK OF FLATS" FOR PURPLE MARTINS, WHO MIGRATE EACH YEAR FROM SOUTH AMERICA.



OFF JAPAN. TWO DAYS AT SEA, AND GIVEN UP AS LOST:
A JAPANESE JET PILOT SIGNALLING WITH PADDLES.
When a Japanese jet aircraft crashed into the Pacific off
Shionomizaki recently, no trace could be found of the pilot.
Two days later a seaplane spotted him waving with paddles
on a minute rubber raft 500 miles off the Japanese coast,
and brought him to safety.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. A SAFETY DEVICE FOR SPACEMEN: IN CASE A LAUNCHING GOES WRONG, THESE TRIPLE NOSE ROCKETS "FIRE" THE MAN TO SAFETY.

Now undergoing tests at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration Station at Wallops Island, Virginia, is this safety rocket device which is designed to free the man-carrying capsule from the main space missile, should the launching fail. It consists of three rockets which can be disconnected when no longer required, to allow the capsule to descend by parachute. Tests which have recently been carried out at 2,500 feet apparently proved successful.



LIMOGES, FRANCE. LET YOUR CAR DO THE WORK: A POLICEMAN THOUGHT UP THIS APPARATUS FOR SAWING LOSS, SHOWN HERE DEMONSTRATED BY HIS WIFE. HE ALSO USES THE CAR FOR DRIVING A DRILL. IN ENGLAND VACUUM CLEANERS MAY BE OBTAINED WHICH WORK OFF A CAR'S EXHAUST

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-II.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. A FIREFLOAT GREETING FOR THE FIRST FREIGHTER TO REACH CHICAGO BY THE SEAWAY: THE DUTCH PRINS JOHAN WILLEM FRISO.

The first freighter to reach Chicago after passing through the St. Lawrence Seaway was the Dutch vessel Prins Johan Willem Friso, which is seen here, from the Navy Pier Tower, as she drew into the Navy Pier (right) on April 30.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA. IN THE FLOODED SUBURBS OF BUENOS AIRES WHERE, AS SOON AS THE WATER BEGAN TO RECEDE, HOUSEHOLDERS RETURNED TO THE UPPER FLOORS. By April 19 the disastrous floods around Buenos Aires were beginning to recede, although even so about 5000 persons were still in municipal shelters; but the flooded River Uruguay was still descending on the Tigre delta, where an estimated 3,000,000 fruit trees have been destroyed.



ARONA, N. ITALY. THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF SAN CARLO BORROMEO, BUILT IN 1624—IN A CUTAWAY DRAWING TO SHOW THE CHAMBERS AND STAIRWAY TO THE HEAD.



ARONA, N. ITALY. A PIECE OF CLOTH WAVED THROUGH THE EYE APERTURE OF THE HEAD OF SAN CARLO, SOME 100 FT. ABOVE GROUND.

One of the outstanding landmarks of the southern end of Lake Maggiore is the colossal statue to San Carlo Borromeo (who was born near Arona in 1538). Including the pedestal it is 114 ft. 10 ins. high (against the 305 ft. 1 in. of the Statue of Liberty), without the pedestal, 76 ft. (against Liberty's 151ft. 1in.).



ARONA, N. ITALY. THE 300-YEAR-OLD COLOSSUS OF ARONA. THIS STATUE OF SAN CARLO BORROMEO WAS ERECTED BY A KINSMAN OF THE SAINT, ABOUT FORTY YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.



PANAMA. THE CUBAN "FREE-LANCE" FORCE WHICH INVADED PANAMA AND SUR-RENDERED A WEEK LATER, EMBARKING IN A LANDING CRAFT FOR PANAMA CITY. On April 30 the Cuban force of some fifty to eighty men who had landed a week earlier at Nombre de Dios and found no one to join their insurrection, surrendered (as a result, they stated, of an appeal from Dr. Fidel Castro) and were taken by sea to Panama City.



PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI. GUARDING THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE AT PORT-AU-PRINCE:
A GROUP OF FORMER ITALIAN LIGHT TANKS—AN INDEX OF CARIBBEAN TENSION.
Among the states affected by the present revolutionary tension in the Caribbean and Central America is the negro Republic of Haiti; and for some months now the principal forces and armaments of the republic have been concentrated around the Presidential Palace.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-III.

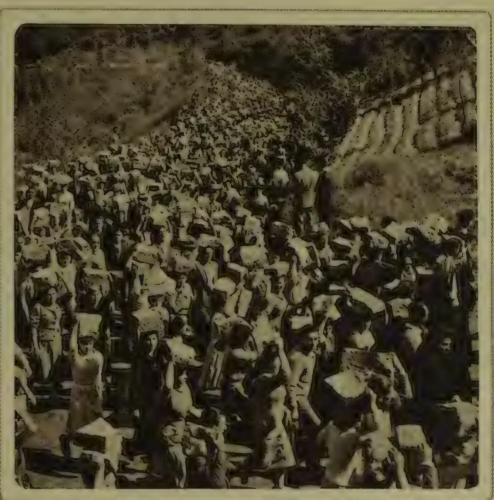


NAPLES. ARRIVING BY HELICOPTER AT THE BEGINNING OF ITS TOUR OF NINETY-TWO ITALIAN TOWNS AND CITIES: A STATUE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA.

The largest square in Naples was the scene, on April 25, of an unusual ceremony, when a statue of Our Lady of Fatima landed by air from Lisbon. Standing in front of the great Palazzo Reale, thousands of Neapolitans cheered its arrival.



ARLES, FRANCE. A BULLFIGHTER'S HOMAGE TO A GREAT PAINTER: MATADOR VALENCIA THROWS HIS HAT TO PABLO PICASSO, WHO, THOUGH HE HAS SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE IN FRANCE, HAS NOT LOST HIS NATIVE LOVE FOR BULLFIGHTING.



NAPLES. MOVING SLOWLY UP THE HILLSIDE, THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE OF PEOPLE CARRYING STONES

THREE MILES TO BUILD A CHILDREN'S ORPHANAGE AT NEARBY VISCIANO.

After the Second World War a young Italian priest had the idea of organising a procession of volunteers to carry stones from a quarry to Visciano, three miles away in the hills, where a children's home was to be built. The procession has now become an annual event.



WEST GERMANY. THE LAW OF GRAVITY TREATED WITH LEVITY: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM HAMBURG. THIS HUGE BUILDING BLOCK, BEING LIFTED WITH SUCH GAY ABANDON, IS USED FOR INSULATION AGAINST MOISTURE AND NOISE. BELYING ITS APPEARANCE, IT WEIGHS ONLY HALF A HUNDREDWEIGHT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-IV.



BERMUDA'S FLOWER QUEEN RIDES IN A SHELL OF FLOWERS IN THE FLORAL PAGEANT ON APRIL 23, WHICH CELEBRATED THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLONY'S FOUNDING.



WITH A UNION FLAG OF ROSE PETALS AND BERMUDA LILIES: A FLORAL FLOAT IN THE SEMBLANCE OF THE DELIVERANCE, WHICH TOOK SUPPLIES TO STARVING JAMESTOWN IN 1610.



A CHINESE PAGODA ALMOST ENTIRELY MADE OF THE BERMUDA LILY—WHOSE FLOWERS ARE AMONG THE COLONY'S MOST SPECTACULAR EXPORTS.



THE FLAGSHIP OF SIR JOHN SMITH (WHOSE LIFE WAS SAVED BY POCAHONTAS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF VIRGINIA)



THE PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY OF THE 41 FLOATS IN THE PAGEANT: A SEA-FIGURE BASED ON AN ORNAMENT OF THE ORIGINAL MAP OF SIR GEORGE SOMERS.



ALSO A PRIZE-WINNER IN THE PAGEANT: A PASSION-FLOWER -A GREAT FAVOURITE IN BERMUDA-MADE UP, IN GREAT DETAIL, WITH OTHER FLOWERS.

BERMUDA: STRIKING AND TOPICAL FLOATS IN A PAGEANT CELEBRATING THE COLONY'S 350TH ANNIVERSARY.

In July 1609 the wrecking of Sir George Somers' flagship Sea Venture led to the founding of the colony of Bermuda; and the 350th anniversary of the colony is being celebrated throughout this year. Incidentally, as reported in our issue of March 14, this year has been most topically marked by the discovery of the remains of that wreck. On April 23 the annual Floral Pageant

was made a special occasion, to contribute to the anniversary celebrations; and many of the 41 lovely flower floats illustrated points in Bermuda's long and adventurous history. The Queen of the Pageant, shown in one of the photographs, was an American girl, Miss Cathy Donovan, of Quincy, Mass., a student of Dunbarton College, Washington, D.C.



A BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND

"THE LIFE OF SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING." By ANDRE MAUROIS.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

WHEN it was known that M. André Maurois had been asked by Lady Fleming to write the official biography of Sir Alexander Fleming there was some raising of eyebrows, and doubts were expressed whether the author of "Silences du Colonel Bramble" was really the right man for the task. That question is answered most emphatically in the affirmative in these pages, and M. Maurois has never written a better book than this. He has rendered his subject's work and discoveries intelligible to the layman, but at the same time he never loses sight of the man in the scientist. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Gerard Hopkins for the excellence of his translation from the French.

Sir Alexander Fleming was a remarkable man in more ways than one, and in nothing was he more remarkable than in the extent to which he

won universal recognition while he was alive: he was, with the possible exception of Lord Roberts, almost certainly the most modest of the really great men of this century, and yet he captured the imagination of the whole world during his lifetime solely on the ground of performance, and without any of the meretricious aids of publicity. For example:

At the end of May 1948 Fleming and his wife set off for Madrid, as the result of a very warm invitation. Two great scientists, Bustinza (of Madrid) and Trias (of Barcelona), had arranged the tour, which took on the appearance of an apotheosis. Everywhere the deluge of honours which now formed part of his daily life descended upon him: university degrees, honorary member-

ship of academies—in Barcelona no less than in Madrid, decorations and receptions. Never before had he aroused so much popular enthusiasm, nor so much gratitude from sick persons who had owed their lives to penicillin. They knelt before him, kissed his hands, gave him presents.

SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, "THE FATHER OF ANTIBIOTICS," WHOSE DISCOVERY OF PENICILLIN SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR, (Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa,)

Fleming's reception in Spain was typical, not exceptional, save in one respect, for when, after his return, he was asked which of all his many Doctor's degrees in so many countries had pleased him most, the whimsical side of his Scots nature manifested itself in his reply, "Madrid . . . they gave me my hood and gown."

The child was very much father to the man, and what Fleming was as a boy on a Scottish moorland farm he was at the height of his fame. He seems to have come into the world mature, and to have owed very little, save a broadening of experience, to his subsequent environment. Only the influence of Sir Almroth Wright, with whom he was brought in daily contact during his most impressionable years, seems to have had any direct effect upon him; otherwise he was guided rather by what his test-tubes told him than by the theories of others. Of Sir Almroth the author paints an excellent picture. Outside medical circles he is to-day hardly a name, but for many years he was a household word, for people came to him to be cured of every manner of disease, and cured they usually were. Few doctors in England have held the position which was his immediately before and immediately after the First World War.

That conflict taught Fleming a great deal that was to be extremely useful to him in later life. He passed it in a laboratory and research centre at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and from the beginning he had some very difficult problems to solve. Since the days of Lister surgeons had got into the habit of relying upon antiseptic and aseptic treatment: with the exception of a few road-accidents the wounds with which they had to deal were reasonably clean, and they had learned how not to infect them, so it looked as though "hospital sickness" had been finally cured. Then came the First World War, and by the time the injured reached hospital their wounds were already crawling with microbes, for any man who happened to have been struck down in a field or on a

muddy road was certain to have picked up any number of deadly germs, while the manure heaps were infested with them.

Fleming and his colleagues wrestled with this problem throughout the whole of the war, but in spite of all their efforts they never succeeded in protecting the wounded from gasgangrene, as it was called. Fleming was in despair, and wrote, "Surrounded by all those infected wounds, by men who were suffering and dying without

"I know," he said, "that you are thinking of rebuilding your School. How much do you need?"

"Sixty-three thousand pounds."

Lord Beaverbrook immediately opened a credit for that amount in Wilson's name.

Fleming's reputation was gained by sheer hard work, but he did enjoy one inestimable ON THIS PAGE: M. ANDRE MAUROIS.

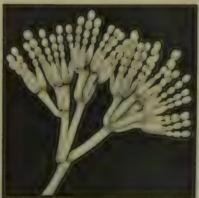
M. André Maurois, the celebrated French writer who is one of the world's leading biographers, was born in 1885. Since 1918, when "Silences du Colonel Bramble" appeared, he has written nearly forty books, among the best known of which is his muchpraised "Ariel, or The Life of Shelley." Others include "The Life of Disraeli," "Byron," "The Quest for Proust," "Victor Hugo," and "The Three Dumas." He is an honorary K.B.E. and has been a member of the French Academy since 1938.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED

advantage, and that was an untroubled domestic life. His first wife came from Killala, in County Mayo, and he married her in 1915 when on leave from France. She was a trained nurse who ran a private nursing-home in York Place, Baker Street, and we are told that "her charm lay in her extraordinary vitality, her manifest kindness, her gaiety, and the self-confidence which accounted for her success. She was drawn to the young Scottish doctor who was so serious, silent, and temperate—in fact, the very opposite of herself in all respects." She died in 1949, and four years later he married the present Lady Fleming, a Greek by birth, and herself a doctor and bacteriologist of no mean repute. Both women provided for him a background against which he could work unhampered by domestic cares.

Finally, M. Maurois certainly does not exaggerate when he describes the effect upon the world of the news that Fleming was dead:





THE DISCOVERY OF PENICILLIN: A COLONY OF THE MOULD PENICILLIUM NOTATUM, WHICH WAS NOTICED TO PRODUCE A SUBSTANCE THAT STOPPED THE GROWTH OF CERTAIN PATHOGENIC MICROBES. ON THE RIGHT IS THE SAME MOULD AS SEEN UNDER A MICROSCOPE.

The pictures from the book are reproduced by coursesy of the publishers, Messes. Jonathan Cape.

Whatever view may be taken of the National Health Service it is quite clear from the evidence of these pages that before it came into existence the senior members of the medical profession had to spend a disproportionate amount of time in coaxing money out of the pockets of the public, and it was well for the research-workers at St. Mary's Hospital that Sir Almroth Wright had a number of influential friends. Sometimes the hospital entertained an angel unawares, as, for example, Lord Beaverbrook, who visited it "incognito to draw his own conclusions." He had a look at the Out-Patients' Department, and

our being able to do anything to help them, I was consumed by a desire to discover, after all this struggling

and waiting, something which

would kill those microbes." So

was the idea of penicillin born.

awaiting attention.

"How much does a bun cost?" he asked. The answer was: "Three ha'pence, but if that is more than you can afford, you can have it for nothing."

This must have pleased Lord Beaverbrook, for some days later he asked Dr. Wilson, later Lord Moran, to come and see him.

The shock of Fleming's death was felt far beyond England. Not only did official expressions of regret come from the governments of many countries, but deeply moving tributes from people in every walk of life. At Barcelona, the flower-sellers emptied their baskets before the tablet on which his visit to their city is commemorated. Two little girls of Bologna sent flowers which they had bought with money saved for their father's birthday present. Far and wide his name was given to streets and squares, and subscription lists were opened in many cities for the erection of monuments in his honour. In Greece the flags were flown at half-mast. Two motorists driving through that country, and surprised to see these signs of mourning in every village through which they passed, asked an old shepherd near Delphi the reason for this public display of grief. 'Do you not know,' replied the old man, 'that Fleming is dead?'

If ever a man deserved such a tribute that man was Sir Alexander Fleming.

^{*&}quot;The Life of Sir Alexander Fleming, Discoverer of Penicillin." By Andre Maurois. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; £1 58.)

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

XII. THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

THE fundamental units of which the observable astronomical universe is built consist of galaxies and clusters of galaxies similar to our own and the members of the local group. Observation shows that these units are receding from each other with speeds proportional to their distances apart, and this can be taken as meaning that the whole universe is expanding uniformly at all its parts, though the fundamental units, galaxies and clusters of galaxies, preserve their sizes unchanged.

Now surprising as this expansion may seem, there are fairly simple reasons why something of the sort must be occurring. For if the distribution of galaxies goes on and on in space without any falling off in numbers, then in whatever direction a telescope is pointed, sooner or later at some distance

there will be a galaxy, so in that direction the sky will be as bright as the surface of a galaxy, and that means ultimately as bright as the stars in it, and there will be further galaxies in line behind it, and so on. This means that the whole area of the sky should appear uniformly and brilliantly luminous in all directions. The setting of the sun would not matter and it would be blindingly light all round the clock at all seasons of the year. This, of course, is flatly contradicted by observation, and on most parts of the Earth it is dark at night. This curious contra-diction is known as Olbers' paradox. It was pointed out by Olbers more than a century ago, but it was then the stars that were under discussion. The stars of our galaxy do not go on and on in space for ever, but when the stars of other galaxies are taken into account we are brought back to the same difficulty even though vast distances separate the galaxies.

It is the expansion of the universe that provides the escape from Olbers' paradox, for it turns out that the light of the more distant galaxies, as received here, is less than it would be if the galaxies were at rest at the same distance. This is a theoretical fact calculable from established physical principles, and it means that the brightness of a galaxy falls off more quickly than the mere distance effect because of its velocity of recession. A galaxy-at-a distance of 2000 million lightyears is seen here at only about 2/3 the brightness it would show if it were at rest at the same distance; a galaxy at 5000 million light-years for which the speed of recession would be about half the velocity of light would appear only about 1/3 as bright through this effect. And finally a galaxy at such a distance that its speed of recession was equal to that of light,

would not be detectable at all; its brightness would be cut down right to zero. This is the way of escape that the universe chooses from Olbers' paradox

that the universe chooses from Olbers' paradox.
It is important to understand that although all the observations are made necessarily from our galaxy and show all the other distant galaxies to be receding directly away from us, this does not mean that we are at a unique centre of the universe with the expansion radially out from us. Because the velocity of recession is directly proportional to distance, it means that an observer in any other galaxy would find an exactly similar expansion going on apparently directly away from him, and again with velocity in the same proportion with distance. This means that the expansion is such that every point of the universe will seem like a centre of expansion and all points of the universe will be equivalent. Except that it is in a higher number of dimensions, it is much the same as the fact that every observer on the surface of the Earth is at the centre of his horizon, but all points on the surface are equivalent.

Perhaps a word should be said about the galaxies that would seem to exist at such great distances that they are receding from us faster than light and therefore cannot be seen. Scientifically their existence could never be demonstrated. No physical means can ever be devised that would do so. The distance between us and such a galaxy is increasing faster than the speed of light and no signals between the two could ever occur. So these galaxies only have an existence in the conceptual picture that we use to describe the universe. The entire physical universe as far as we are concerned is contained within a sphere round us some 10,000 million light-years in radius and within

which the galaxies are receding at speeds less than that of light.

The problem of explaining the expansion theoretically is one of very special difficulty and may well be said to represent the most profound problem in astronomy at the present time. That it cannot be solved on the basis of ordinary mechanical principles follows at once from the velocity-distance law, supposing this to be accurately true. For it means that the motion of any distant galaxy is accelerating relative to ours, and there is no force known in ordinary dynamics acting to do this. The problem of the universe as a whole can be studied by means of the general theory of relativity, at least as far as its smoothed-out appearance goes, according to



A TYPICAL SPIRAL GALAXY—NGC 3031 IN URSA MAJOR—ROTATING AND RECEDING FROM US AT HIGH SPEED: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH THE 200-IN. TELESCOPE AT MT. PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA.

which the geometrical properties of the world depend on the mass distribution within it. In the so-called field equations that express this, it turns out that at a certain point of the theory a very small additional term is possible that has consequences of particular importance only when the vast distances associated with the universe itself come in. This term depends on what is known as the cosmical constant, and when its presence is interpreted in terms of ordinary forces it implies the existence of a cosmical repulsion between masses when they are at great distance apart. Normally two bodies attract according to Newton's law with a force varying inversely as the square of their distance apart, but the cosmical repulsion factor is so minute that at small astronomical distances the force it produces is completely masked by the Newtonian attraction. But this latter force decreases rapidly as the distance between masses increases, whereas the cosmical repulsion increases with the distance, and if the distance is large enough will dominate altogether, and the greater the distance the greater the force tending to separate two galaxies.

This theory is capable of explaining the present expansion, but there are difficulties if we attempt to go far back in time and consider what

TO OUR READERS

This article concludes our first series, "The Universe at the Beginning of the 'Space Age," by Dr. Lyttleton. A second series, by other authorities, is to follow and details will be given in a forthcoming issue.

the universe must have been like several thousand million years ago. Reverse the present expansion and the galaxies begin to crowd together, and the stage will come when the density of matter will become extremely high; or so at any rate, does this straightforward interpretation of the expansion imply. But then the force of attraction between the material of the universe would be the stronger part of the gravitational effect, and something else would be needed to get over this and start the expansion off with such violence as to allow the system to get clear of the ordinary force of attraction and give the cosmical repulsion a free hand to continue the expansion.

Suggestions have been put forward to meet this requirement, but before going on to consider them it is necessary to say something of the material of the universe itself. At any rate as far as the observable part of this matter goes, it is distributed in galaxies and within them is to a considerable extent gathered into luminous stars, and these shine by converting their hydrogen into heavier elements. But this energy generation is a strictly one-way process, so that it looks as if the material of the universe were undergoing a steady degrada-

tion with the proportion of hydrogen always decreasing. Here again if we think of time running backwards, there must come a stage when the universe would be all hydrogen—the primitive material. It has accordingly been suggested that both the creation of this hydrogen and the beginning of the expansion happened more or less simultaneously as the beginning of the career of the universe. A cosmical event is postulated with the whole of the material of the universe instantaneously created in a stupendous explosion that starts the material everywhere expanding out with the necessary speeds. the expansion has gone far enough for the attractive forces no longer to matter the distance covered by any object—a galaxy -formed out of the scattering material will depend simply on its velocity. The fastest-moving galaxies will have travelled furthest after a given time, and the velocitydistance law will be roughly satisfied.

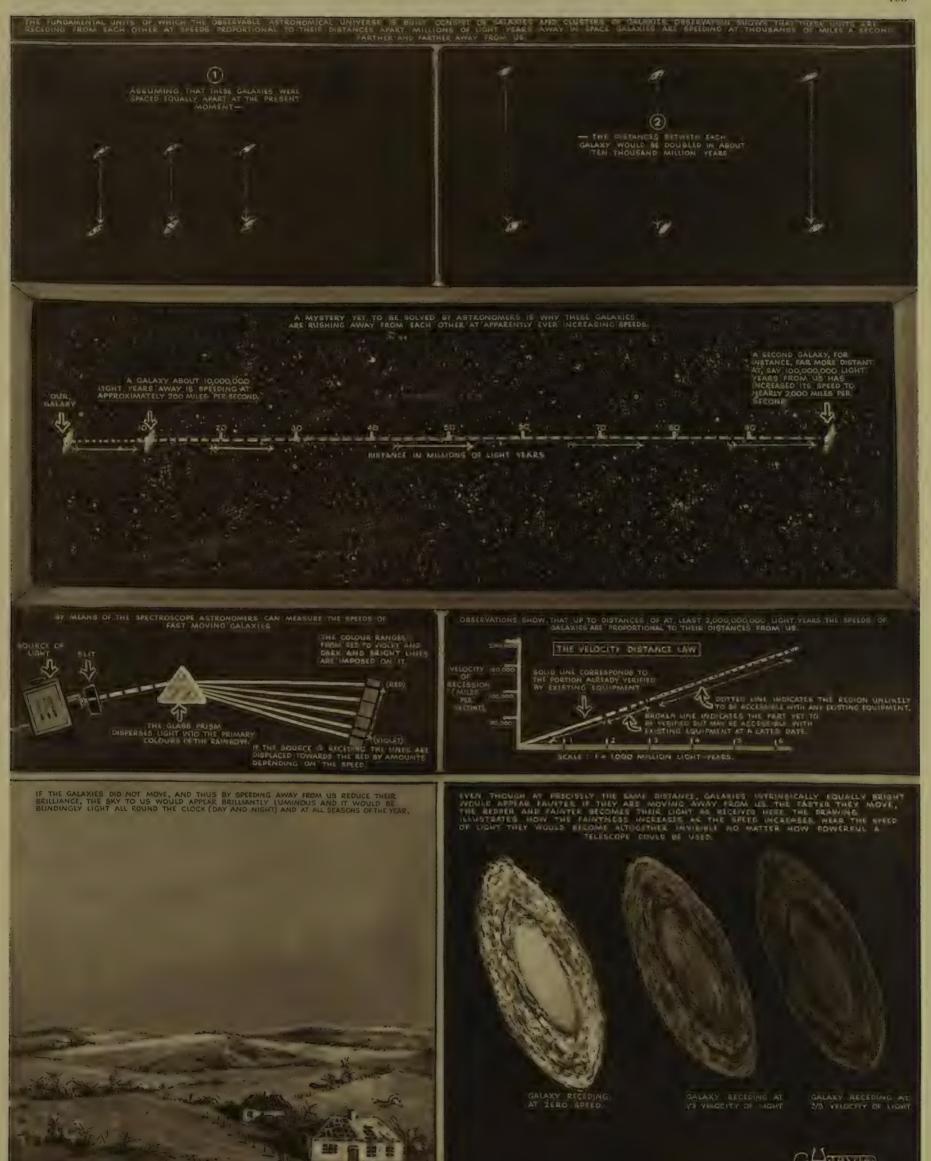
Unfortunately this account of the matter does no more than partially explain what is already known from observation, and a theory does not graduate to the level of a true scientific theory till it does more than this. So far no theory—even that of continuous creation referred to later—attains to this stature yet. seems an inevitable consequence of the expansion is that the distant galaxies must eventually move out of sight altogether as their speeds take them further and further from us. Apart from the few members of our local group, the heavens will be devoid of observable galaxies in a few thousand million years' time. We are living at a privileged season, it would seem. An escape from this dilemma, if it should seem one, is provided by the revolutionary notion that creation is still going on in the universe, and that matter is simply being created out of nothing in the vast cathedrals of space to just

such an extent as to make up for the matter disappearing over the horizon of the universe as a result of the expansion. Looked at calmly, the idea is by no means as ridiculous as many have supposed. The universe contains a great deal of matter which must have originated somehow, and if creation happens at all it seems entirely reasonable that it should continue to happen rather than confine itself to a glorious "week" of activity and then cease. Also the requisite rate, to balance the effect of expansion, is minutely small in any volume of space of less than intergalactic dimensions. For terrestrial purposes it is so utterly negligible that it seems inconceivable that any direct means will ever be found of detecting it, or deciding that it is not happening. A fraction of a gram in the entire volume of the Earth in the whole lifetime of the Earth—4500 million years—is about the required rate of creation.

On this theory the universe is not evolving or decaying at all. As galaxies separate from each other, and tend to thin out the density of matter in the universe, so new matter is created in the space between them. This new matter would have to be primitive hydrogen, and it would then gather itself into new galaxies, in which stars would form, and shine by converting their hydrogen. In this way the general picture of the universe can remain always the same—there need be no beginning and no end—and for an observer at any time in any galaxy there would always be millions and millions of (telescopically) observable galaxies all receding from him.

The "big bang" hypothesis, as the initial explosive creation of the universe has been called,

[Continued opposite



ASTRONOMY'S MOST FASCINATING PROBLEM: THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE.

Continued.] and the "continuous creation theory" are the rivals to the cosmical repulsion theory which does not concern itself at all with the question of creation. There is no suggestion that the non-conservation of matter implied by continuous creation is anywhere at odds with theoretical physics, if anything quite the reverse, for recent trends begin to suggest that the whole material of the universe may consist of matter, as we know it, and "anti-matter," of

opposite electrical properties but similar gravitational properties. It may turn out that the universe consists of equal amounts of the two kinds, with any single aggregation such as a galaxy containing only the one kind because of the gravitational repulsion that the two kinds would have for each other. Progress with the general problem posed by the expansion of the universe may have to await fundamental advances in physics itself.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH Viburnum carlesii was introduced to this country from Korea over fifty years ago, it is still comparatively and surprisingly rare in our

gardens. I think the main reason for its not having become a popular favourite is that it is deciduous, and that its foliage is not particularly

VIBURNUM CARLESII, ETC.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

exhibit of choice shrubs from the Donard Nursery Company, a specimen of V. carlesii whose unopened buds were of an exceptionally rich and brilliant red, whilst the open flowers had a definite and most attractive flush of delicate pink. It was no more than a gentle hint—but a delightful one. The firm have propagated this variety, and most kindly sent me a specimen, which is on the point of opening

at this moment (latish April). I think they gave it a special and distinctive name, but I am ashamed to say I have forgotten what it was-or is. But don't let that deter you.

Almost all the Viburnum carlesii's that I have met in gardens up and down the country, have been commercially grown and grafted specimens, and almost all have reached an average height of between two or three feetand nearer two than three. But a few miles from

time that I have passed that way I have felt tempted to ring the bell, and tell the owner of the awful doom that awaits what remains of his carlesii, if the



monster lantana is not laid by the heels-and kept there. To my relief, on each occasion, my dilemma has been solved by the fact that the house had that indefinable look which shows that without doubt the owner was out-and-away for the day. But if he or she were obviously "in"—what would you do?

It is not always wise to interfere in such cases. I remember a case, many years ago, of a man, a doctor, who was a great keeper of snakes, reptiles of all sorts, and aquariums full of exotic fish. One of his patients had an outsize goldfish, in an exceptionally in-size glass bowl. The bowl was so small, and the fish so large that the unfortunate creature was unable to stretch out full length, and could only hobble round and round on its own axis. The doctor tactfully explained to the patient-owner of this horror, how cruel it was to keep the great fish in so small a bowl. The patient explained that the creature had lived, apparently happily, under those conditions for five or six years. In the end, as the owner seemed determined to let her goldfish carry on as he was, and had been for so long, the doctor, kind-hearted fellow, bought a really fine and large bowl and presented it to the old lady, and implored her to transfer her fish to it. A few days later he called in to see how aquarium matters were progressing. The fish had been transplanted to the new and roomy quarters-and had died.



A POT-GROWN SPECIMEN OF VIBURNUM CARLESII TO SHOW THE GENERAL HABIT OF THIS DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT SPRING-FLOWERING KOREAN SHRUB.

attractive. The leaves have a greyish, rather dusty look, though in autumn I have seen carlesii leaves turn to brilliant gold or red just before falling.

The height of the shrub is given in the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening as 4 to 8 ft. Most of the nursery-grown specimens that I have seen have been grafted on, I think, Viburnum lantana, the Wayfaring Tree, which on account of its habit of suckering, does not make a very good host. In fact in my opinion it is an uncommonly bad host, for unless a close watch is kept, the lantana will eventually swamp and destroy its guest carlesii.

Not nice behaviour on the part of a host to its
graft-guest. Unfortunately, few amateur gardeners are aware of this danger, and as the leaves of the two species are very much alike, the unwary and trusting owner will probably be delighted with the wonderfully vigorous shoots that are pushed up, until, in the end, he finds himself saddled with a coarse, unworthy pretender.

The ideal way with Viburnum carlesii is to have a specimen on its own roots, or several such specimens. But where one could find a nursery

producing ungrafted, own-root carlesii's I could not say. The reason, obviously, is that it is very much easier and quicker to produce grafted specimens than own-root ones. I specimens than own-root ones. I have never tried striking cuttings of Viburnum carlesii, but I have a feeling that it would not be easy, whilst raising from seed is a long business, too slow and long for commercial nursery purposes. The seed does not seem to be produced very freely in this country. I have had small crops on my bushes from time to time and have raised young plants from them. But there may, of course, be districts in Britain where the species berries more freely than it does in my home country—the Cotswolds. In America Viburnum carlesii seems to produce berries freely, and my friend Mr. Carl Krippendorf, of Cincinatti, once sent me a fine fat packet of seeds, from which I raised great store of youngsters.

A few years ago, at an R.H.S. Chelsea Show I noticed among an

where I live, I have noticed carlesii in a front garden, consisting of a normal spreading branchy bush, 2 ft. tall, and 2 ft. through, and then, towering above all, a disgustingly prosperous-looking outbreak of what is obviously an eruption of Viburnum lantana, the host on which carlesii was originally grafted. It is probably the pride of the owner's life, but I do not know him or her. Each



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THE FLOWER-HEADS OF VIBURNUM CARLESII IN THE OPEN. THE INFLORESCENCES ARE NORMALLY SOMEWHAT LARGER THAN THOSE THE WINTER-FLOWERING VIBURNUM

FRAGRANS FROM KANSU.
Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

A few weeks ago I spotted in my son's garden, at a distance of fifty yards or so, a graceful 4-ft. bush which looked uncommonly like a particularly attractive forsythia in full flower. But when I got up to it, I found that it was some gold-leaved shrub, and an extremely attractive one at that, but to which I could not put a name. It was, in fact, a golden-leaved form of the common hawthorn which he had found growing in a wild state on waste ground a few miles from his home. There are, of course, a good many folk who detest all golden-leaved, and gold-variegated plants, though they adore trees and shrubs in their autumn golden finery. Anyway, I feel pretty sure that this guinea-gold hawthorn has a future.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST VISIT TO AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER: SCENES ON H.M.S. EAGLE.



THE COMPLICATED EQUIPMENT OF A MODERN WARSHIP: PRINCE CHARLES BEING SHOWN SOME DETAILS BY A SENIOR OFFICER DURING HIS TOUR OF THE SHIP.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN A GUN TURRET: THE PRINCE OF WALES HANDLING A SHELL IN ONE OF H.M.S. EAGLE'S SIXTEEN 4.5-IN. TURRETS.



ROUNDING REPAIR DROP TANKS IN THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

The Prince of Wales made his first official visit to a major warship when he accompanied the Queen on her visit to the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Eagle at Weymouth on April 29. The highlight of the visit was Prince Charles's skilful handling of the carrier from the main steering position. When Eagle was steaming in the Channel at 25 knots the Prince was handed the wheel and was told to steer course 155 degs.—while the ship was swinging. He held the wheel for about one minute and kept to within one degree of the



A RIDE ROUND THE SHIP IN A TRACTOR: THE PRINCE OF WALES ENJOYING A TRIP ON THE CARRIER'S VAST FLIGHT-DECK.



A LAST LOOK AT WEYMOUTH: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CHARLES LEAVING IN THE ROYAL TRAIN AFTER THEIR VISIT TO H.M.S. $EAGLE_\star$



A PRESENT FOR A PRINCE: PRINCE CHARLES ACCEPTS A REPLICA OF A NAVAL RUM TUB FROM ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

set course. When asked by the officer who was with him if he had steered Britannia, Prince Charles smiled and nodded in reply. Before leaving Eagle, Prince Charles took the salute with his mother at the march-past of the ship's company and was afterwards presented with a miniature model of a rum tub, which had been made on the ship. For Princess Anne he was given a golden bracelet, to which was attached a charm in the form of Eagle's crest.



THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKES THE SALUTE WITH HIS MOTHER ON AN OCEAN-GOING "PARADE-GROUND": THE MARCH-PAST ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. EAGLE.

On April 29 the Prince of Wales accompanied the Queen when they paid a four-hour visit at Weymouth to one of Britain's largest warships, the great 43,060-ton interrait carrier H.M.S. Engle. The occasion was outstanding for the fact that the Prince has rarely accompanied his mother on official engagements and this was his first visit to a major warship. The Prince took a lively interest in the equipment he was shown on board. He was

given a brief turn at the wheel while Eagle was steaming at 25 knots down the Channel, and was complimented on his navigation. Before the Queen and the Prince went on board they passed in the Royal barge between lines of destroyers, frigates, and submarines dressed overail. On board Eagle the Queen was driven in a Land-Rover past the ship's company lining the flight, deck. She spoke to many of the officers and men, visited the sick bay and

watched the daily issue of rum from brass-bound tubs bearing the inscription $^{\prime\prime}$ The Queen. God Bless Her. $^{\prime\prime}$ The Royal visitors also watched a flying display. After lunching with the Flag Officer, Aircraft Carriers, Vice-Admiral C. G. Evans, the Queen took the salute at a march-past of the ship's company on the flight-deck, after which she was presented with two sliver rose bowls for the Royal yacht Britannia by two of the youngest members of $Eagle^is$ crew.

After landing at Portland her Majesty sent a message to Captain J. B. Frewen, R.N., of Eugle, and to the Flag Officer Sea Training, Rear-Admiral W. G. Crawford, saying: "I greatly enjoyed visiting Eugle with my son at the end of what I know has been a happy and highly successful commission." She concluded her message with the traditional Royal signal, "Splice the mainbrace."

THE APE-MEN TOOL-MAKERS OF A MILLION YEARS AGO: SOUTH AFRICAN AUSTRALOPITHECUS - HIS LIFE, HABITS AND SKILLS.

By RAYMOND A. DART, M.D., Ch.M., M.Sc. and D.Sc. (honoris causa).

DR. DART retired at the end of last year as Professor Emeritus of Anatomy, University of the Witwatersrand. He is famous as the discoverer of the Taungs Skull and is the author of numerous publications on the South African ape-men. In 1957 he received the Viking Medal and the Grant the Wenner-Gren Foundation, New York, for Physical Anthropology.

On pp. 800-801 appear reconstruction drawings MR. WILLIAM STANFORD which, as it were, clothe in flesh Professor Dart's discoveries.

Photographs as follows: Figs. 1, 4-9 by Alun R. Hughes; Fig. 2 by J. P. Vorster; Fig. 3 "The Star," Johannesburg.

IN Fig. 2 is a series of skulls, and busts based upon them, to illustrate the small (gorilloid) size of the brains of two typical adult Australopithecine skulls and the human form of their faces.

Y with an elevated region between the two arms of the Y.

In the other skull-cast the two furrows made by the two bone ridges crashing through the skull can clearly seen with a ridge in the midline between the two depressions; it is possible to see how the top bone was driven down with such force that its edge slipped under the one below it.

These murders were apparently carried out by armbones or thighbones, the double-ridged type of bludgeon. The armbone (humerus)—the most numerous long bone found at Makapansgatform is seen in Fig. 8, along with the same

sort of bludgeon from a human site at Kalkbank. Last September, with Dr. Revil Mason and Mr. James Kitching's help, in the South African

Archæological Bulletin, I made a detailed comparison of human tools found at this Middle Stone Age site of Kalkbank, 70 miles from Makapansgat, with those found at the now famous man-ape site in Makapansgat

Valley. We were astonished to find not only that upper armbones or humeri were present in quantity at Kalkbank, and their shafts broken in the same spiral way as at Makapansgat (Fig. 5); but also that there were more humeral flakes at Kalkbank than those of any other bone.

We knew that humeral bludgeons had preponderated



FIG. 1. AT THE MAKAPANSGAT LIMEWORKS SITE: SHOWING, INSIDE THE

FIG. 1. AT THE MAKAPANSGAT LIMEWORKS SITE: SHOWING, INSIDE THE FENCED ENCLOSURE, ABOUT 95 TONS OF BONE-BEARING BRECCIA, SORTED OUT DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS.

Only about 7 out of 30 tons of grey bone-breccia has been developed and this has yielded over 35,000 bone, tooth and horn fragments, representing about 3000 beasts. This is only a trivial portion of the bone deposit, much of which went to the kilns. The thickest of the three bone layers alone is conservatively reckoned to have contained 300 tons of grey bone-breccia.

tradition and the techniques invented and established by the South African man-apes nearly a million years earlier. ("Osteodontokeratic" is a convenient portmanteau word meaning "of bone and/or tooth and/or horn.")

But an even greater surprise was in store for me just before Christmas 1958. I was showing a party of friends some of the tools Australopithecus made from this cannon-bone and shown in Fig. 6 alongside an apple-scoop. This scoop was made from a sheep's cannon-bone at Ledbury, in Herefordshire, in 1894 by a ten-year-old boy. He had wanted to copy some that had been made by his grandfather and handed down in the family. His son happened to be a member of my party.

The local grocer at Ledbury, Ballard, his great-grandfather's contemporary, had showed his father how to make it with a penknife operating on the sheep-shank bone from the Sunday's roast joint. Subsequently Ballard put on the ornamentation himself with a file. The boy grew up and came to South Africa, and brought the apple-scoop to South Africa in 1926 to decorate his mantelpiece.

When that boy's son, Mr. J. M. F. Hampton, saw the Australopithecine tools and I said they might be digging tools, he said "apple-corers"! So in my ignorance I asked him what he meant and I found out that in Herefordshire before the days of artificial dentures these cannon-bone scoops were made to assist toothless old men and



FIG. 2. A SERIES OF SKULLS, AND BUSTS BASED ON THEM: (L. TO R.) CRO-MAGNON MAN, NEANDERTHAL MAN, AUSTRALOPITHECUS PROMETHEUS (FEMALE), AUSTRALOPITHECUS PARANTHROPUS (MALE) AND A YOUNG GORILLA.

The casts of Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal Man were made by the late Dr. J. H. McGregor, of Columbia University; the Australopithecus male and female were prepared by Professor Dart and his technical assistant, Mr. Grobbelaar, and their external features embellished by Mr. J. F. Heim and Dr. Ismond Rosen respectively; and the young gorilla is by Mr. John Cunningham.

The next most striking characteristic was combining their ape-sized brain with an upright human posture. From my investigations of Bushman posture in 1936 I have no doubt that Australopithecine posture was also of the infantile, or "sway-back" type still seen in most Bushman and Pygmy peoples, both male and female, and even in some Europeans throughout life.

For the past fourteen years the Makapansgat Limeworks in the Central Transvaal has been a prolific source of bones. Some of them have been Australopithecine, but most of them are the skeletal parts of the animals they ate and whose bones, jaws, teeth and horn cores they used as weapons. Fig. 1 shows the Limeworks site, looking down from the kiln level at the 90-odd tons of bone-bearing breccia collected during the past ten years of systematic dump sorting.

The conditions under which man-apes lived were grim and formidable. They hunted what they could; they contested "kills" with other scavengers of the veld like vultures and hyenas; they murdered one another and were cannibals.

When I prepared a statement about the habits and cultural status of the South African man-apes for the 1955 report of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington I knew that they used antelope armbones, thighbones and shinbones as clubs and daggers, their upper jaws as scrapers, their horns as picks and their lower jaws as blades, saws and knives, and their shoulderblades and pelvic bones as chopping tools.

Their armoury as I saw it then is depicted in Fig. 9. Its effectiveness in the killing of beasts is graphically shown in Fig. 3, which was designed to reproduce one of the types of skull fracture found in the Makapansgat breccia.

A still more grim subject for contemplation was found, but is not illustrated: the natural fossil casts of Australopithecine skull cavities. The two skulls were smashed by double-ridged bone clubs. One shows a depressed fracture line running right across from one side to the other side. On the left side the fracture line splits into two arms of a

every other type of long bone at Makapansgat but now we had to go back and track each flake at Makapansgat to its bony source. Then we found that at Makapansgat also humeral flakes preponderated over those from any other long bone.

Cannon-bone flakes were the second most popular type at Maka-pansgat, too; but the front-leg cannon-bone was the more popular for flakes at Makapansgat and the hind-leg cannon-bone at Kalkbank (Figs. 4 and 5). After the cannonbones came the radius and the tibia or shinbone (the radius being the more popular at Makapansgat and the shinbone or tibia at Kalkbank) and, last of all, the femur or thighbone at both places.

There is no need to go into these comparisons further than to make obvious the detailed correspondences between the treatment of bones by the man-apes at Makapansgat about 1,000,000 years ago and by Homo sapiens at Kalkbank about 15,000 years ago according to carbon dating.

Fig. 8 shows that at both sites the antelope armbones received identical treatment. Figs. 4 and 5 show the same truth for the antelope cannon-bones.

These correspondences settled the matter. Australopithecus was as much a bone-splitter as sapient man. Despite the better part of a million vears' time lapse between Makapansgat and Kalkbank, between a pure osteodontokeratic culture and the Middle Stone Age, bones were still of fundamental cultural importance only 15,000 years ago at Kalkbank. Most staggering of all sapient man was following both the osteodontokeratic



FIG. 3. PROFESSOR DART DEMONSTRATING THE EFFECTIVENESS OF AN OX SCAPULA (SHOULDERBLADE) AS A WEAPON.

In his left hand the Professor is holding a pig's skull fresh from the abattoir, which he has just struck twice with the scapula. The upper gash across the brain was inflicted with the sharp upper edge and the depression across the snout was made with the blunt lower border of the scapula. Either blow would have been enough to stun if not kill the pig.

women to pulp and scoop out the crisp apples of which they were fond.

In Fig. 6 this Herefordshire apple-scoop is surrounded by Makapansgat scoops. The one on its left is almost identical though made from a more robust antelope than its recent domestic relative. The one on its right shows the Australopithecine manufacturing process: denting in the back wall of the bone with a pounding bone end. Two other specimens (not illustrated), worn down virtually to the base, are even more robust.

Their state of polish and wear is a fair indication of the service they rendered. Of course the Australopithecines had no apples and not many of them may have lived long enough to become edentulous. Yet that was the condition in which the famous old lady Plesianthropus, familiarly known as "Mrs. Ples," was found at Sterkfontein by the late Dr. Robert Broom. [Continued opposite.

IDENTICAL TOOL-MAKING TECHNIQUES OF A MILLION AND 15,000 YEARS AGO.



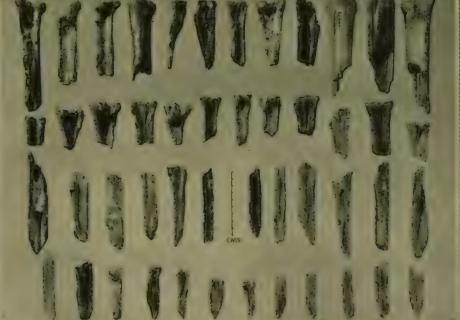
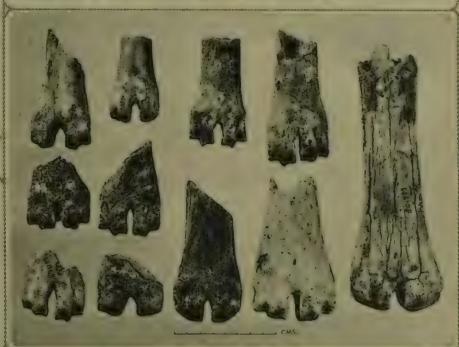


FIG. 6. IN THE CENTRE, AN APPLE-SCOOP MADE FROM A SHEEP'S CANNON-BONE IN HEREFORDSHIRE IN 1894; AND SIMILAR SCOOPS (FROM ANTELOPE CANNON-BONES) MADE BY THE APE-MEN OF MAKAPANSGAT, ABOUT 1,000,000 YEARS AGO.

FIG. 4. TOOLS OF
15,000 YEARS AGO:
FOUND ATTHE
MIDDLE STONE AGE
SITE OF KALKBANK,
AND MADE BY HOMO
SAPIENS BY SPLITTING THE CANNONBONES (CHIEFLY METATARSALS) OF ANTELOPES AND SO PRODUCING POINTS,
CHISELS AND BLADES
FROM BONE.

(Right.)
FIG. 7. THE LOWER
ENDS OF ANTELOPE
CANNON-BONES FROM
MAKAPANSGAT, TO
SHOW THE WEAR
RESULTING FROM
THEIR USE AS
GRINDERS AND AS
PESTLES IN POUNDING
FOOD PRESUMABLY
FOR INFANTS OR THE
TOOTHLESS AGED

FIG. 5. TOOLS OF 1,000,000 YEARS AGO MADE BY APE-MEN OF MAKAPANSGAT, BY SPLITTING CANNON-BONES OF ANTELOPE (CHIEFLY METACARPALS) IN THE SAME WAY AS THOSE OF FIG. 4.



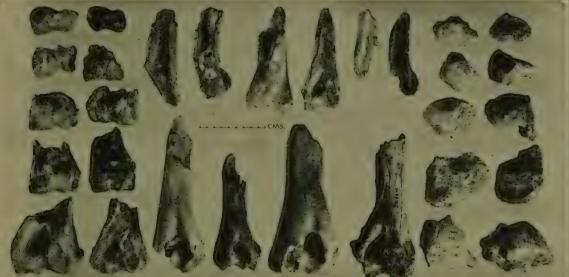


FIG. 8. ANTELOPE HUMERAL BONE FRAGMENTS, ARRANGED IN FIFTEEN PAIRS: THE LEFT OF EACH PAIR COMES FROM KALKBANK (15,000 YEARS AGO), THE RIGHT FROM MAKAPANSGAT (1,000,000 YEARS AGO), ALL SHOWING THE SAME PREPARATION AND USE, THUS ATTESTING A FANTASTIC CONTINUITY OF TECHNIQUE.

Continued.] But they had infants lacking large canines who probably had a lengthened child-hood as compared with living apes and who needed feeding like toothless beldames with pulped flesh and fat, liver and brains, bone marrow and other pounded pulps. An examination of Fig. 7 is enough to show that they used these same bones for pounding, rubbing and scraping their food until the pulley-like articular ends of them were as smooth and rounded as any pestle in a mortar. So the problems of teething and getting over the weaning or milk dentition period have been with mankind for about a million years and Australopithecus had the wit to discover the solution of making a mash and feeding with a scoop that we have followed ever since that time. The accompanying visual reconstructions of the Australopithecine way of life on pages 800-801 have been made by Mr. William Stanford after inspecting the tool material personally and seeing the original remains of the creatures and the reconstructions made therefrom. He also visited Makapansgat Valley and stayed there for several days, and has made frequent visits to the Kruger National Park. His reconstructions have therefore an authenticity born of unusual personal acquaintance with, and sensitive reaction to, the actual sort of environment these creatures experienced.

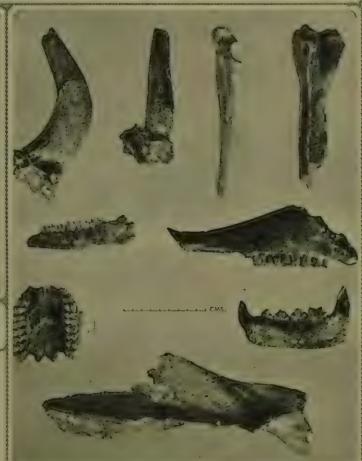
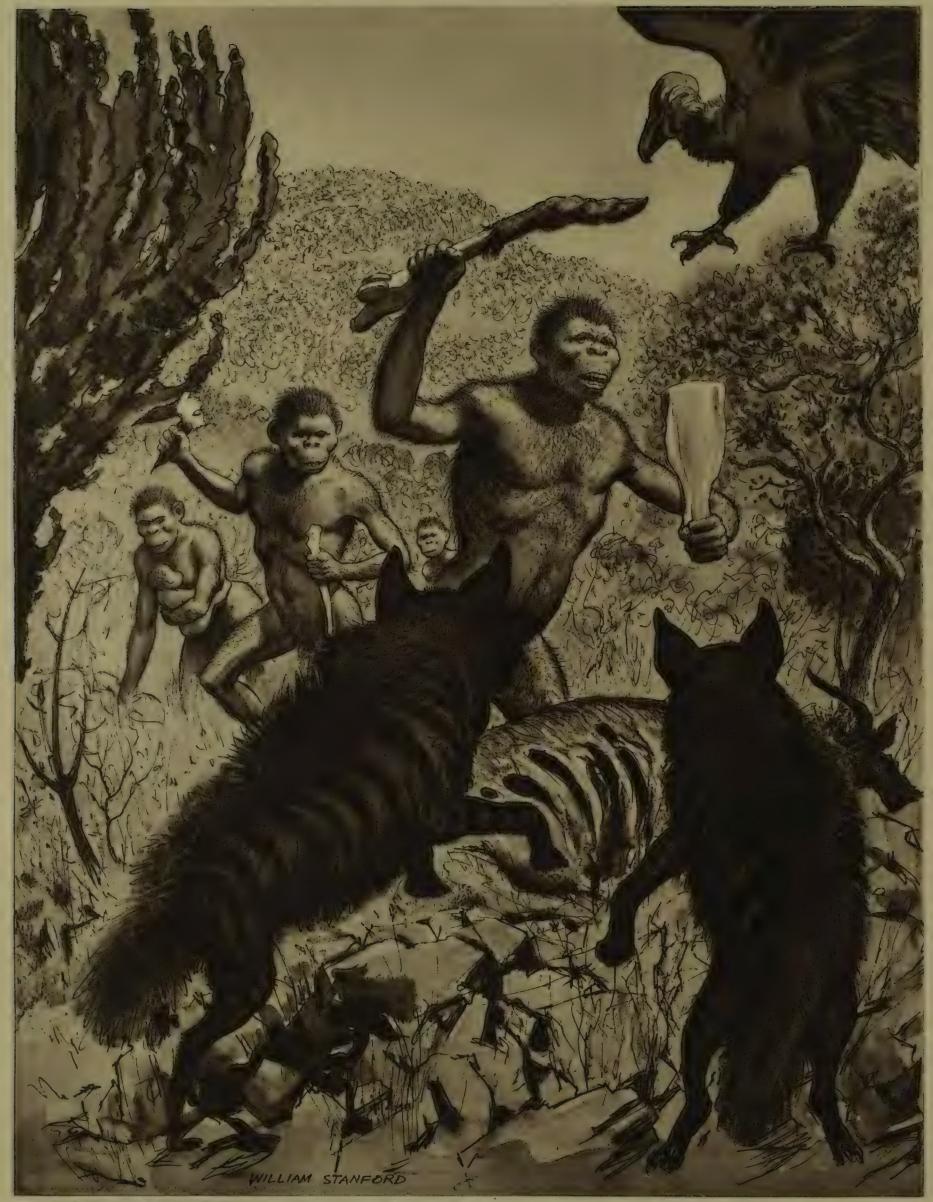


FIG. 9. APE-MEN TOOLS. (TOP ROW) (L. TO R.) HORN DIGGERS, AN ULNA DAGGER, A HUMERUS CLUB (ALL ANTELOPE). (SECOND ROW) ANTELOPE JAWS USED AS SCRAPERS OR SAWS. (THIRD ROW) (LEFT) AN ANTELOPE JAW SCRAPER; AND (RIGHT) A HYENA JAW, USED AS SCRAPER OR SAW. (BOTTOM) AN ANTELOPE SHOULDERBLADE SHOVEL.

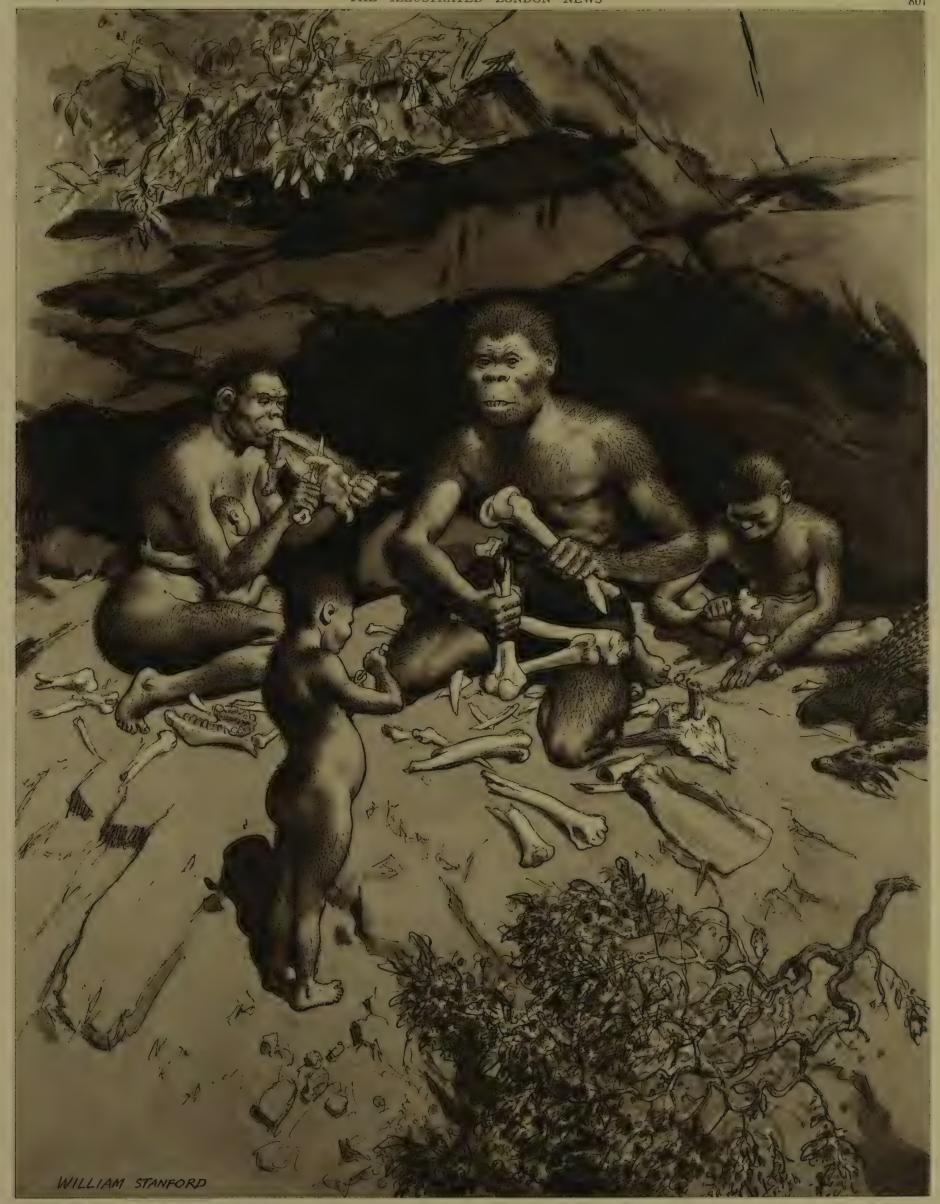


THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE A MILLION YEARS AGO: APE-MEN CONTEST A LION'S KILL WITH HYENAS AND A VULTURE.

This vivid scene is based on the discoveries made by Professor Dart in the Makapansgat Valley, in Transvaal, and was made on the site where it presumably took place. A family of ape-men (Australopithecus prometheus), subhuman creatures with brains no bigger than a gorilla's, but with the capability of making and using tools of bone, horn and tooth, have happened on the body of an antelope, freshly killed by a lion, and are contesting the prize with a pair of hyenas and a vulture. The father is armed with an antelope

leg and a shoulderblade, while the eldest son grasps antelope horns and an antelope ulna to use as a dagger. The landscape is much as it is to-day; euphorbia grows on the left with combretum or leadwood on the right. The bone-bearing breccia layers of the Makapansgat Valley represent the remains of myriads of game animals, mainly antelope, salvaged or slaughtered by Australopithecus before the dawn of human history, to serve as food and as materials for what are probably the earliest deliberately-made tools.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by William Stanford from material and information supplied by Professor Raymond A. Dart.



HOME LIFE A MILLION YEARS AGO: A SOUTH AFRICAN APE-MAN FAMILY MAKING AND USING TOOLS OF BONE AND HORN.

Like the drawing on the opposite page, this also is based by the Makapansgat discoveries of Professor Dart (described in his article on pp. 798-799). It shows a family of Australopithecus prometheus, whose specific name hints at the belief that they may have known the use of fire. They certainly knew how to make and use tools of bone, horn and tooth; and a number of their tools are shown in Figs. 5-9 on page 799. The man is splitting a cannon-bone to make a dagger; the woman is using a bone blade to skin a small animal;

the elder boy is using antelope horns as a picking tool; and the small boy in front is using a bone point to extract marrow. In the right foreground is a shoulderblade, which was used either as a shovel or a fighting weapon. From the fragmentary state of their own remains it is clear that Australopithecus was cannibalistic and the pelvic bones suggest that he varied in size from the pygmy to the most robust South African Negro. A wide variety of animal bones has been found in his shelters and occupation sites.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by William Stanford from material and information supplied by Professor Raymond A. Dart.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



JAPANESE SWORDS.

PART of the bequest of the late Mr. R. W. Lloyd to the British Museum was a collection of 200 Japanese swords, fifty or sixty of which are of some consequence but which, seen in quantity, can be infinitely boring unless one happens to be a devotee of this most

ancient craft.

In Japan itself it has long been elevated into a cult with an enormous literature of its own. To many English and Australians the subject will be distasteful, for the barbarities which these weapons symbolise are not so easily forgotten. None the less, to look at and to handle these swords is to gain an insight, however dim, into a tradition of craftsmanship which has lasted from the 8th century A.D. down to our own day without a break. It has been studied in Japan of war: A JAPANESE for generations, and the names of more than 12,000 swordsmiths have been

recorded and traced to village and province. Blades made before 1600 are known as old swords, later ones as new swords. The first swordsmith to sign his swords was working A.D. 701-704, and within half a century the form of the blade had been firmly established; thus they never went out of date, as did the swords of Europe, and they were worn by civilians as well as by the army. The

wearing of swords was abolished by Imperial Edict in 1877, and since then the craft has naturally declined, though it is said that a few of the blades made Japanese officers serving in the last war would stand comparison with the best of the past.

Jewellery was not worn by men-again this was very unlike the custom of Europe. Instead, the samurai had his swords, always worn in pairs, and as often as not decorated in the most exquisite taste. When he was in armour,

he wore a long sword (tachi) suspended at his left side, and a short dirk in his girdle. In civilian dress he wore a long sword (Katana) and a companion sword (wakizashi), both carried edge uppermost in the girdle. The majority of swords are for civilian wear with mounts—particularly the guard (tsuba) and the scabbard—which are in themselves frequently remarkable examples of the craft of the metal-worker.

The swords are nearly as difficult to describe as to photograph, but a careful look at these three illustrations—two swords and their respective scabbards, a detail from one of them shown in its scabbard—will, I trust, provide some kind of clue as to the artistry lavished upon them, though it cannot, of course, indicate the temper or balance of the blade. Methods of tempering and forging seem to have varied from century to century, from province to province, and from one school of swordsmiths to another. There were differences in the depth and outline of the cutting edge, in its distance from the central ridge, in the graining of the metal and in the general shape and proportions and weight of the blade, all of which present very pretty problems and I am sure can only be dealt with by the elect, of whom I am not one.

Indeed, the whole history and development of the Japanese sword has become so entangled with

mystique that one has the impression that no Westerner will ever fully succeed in understanding it. But there is no question of the wonderful quality of the metal, whose resilience, we are assured, was achieved by a comparatively soft core enclosed in a much harder exterior metal, whose edge could be tempered to an extraordinary degree of hardness and the whole polished to three separate degrees of brightness. Much importance is also attached to the different patterns of graining



FIG. 1. WITH A LACQUERED SCABBARD AND A BLADE ENGRAVED WITH A WATERFALL AND THE FIGURE OF FUDO-GOD OF WAR: A JAPANESE SWORD IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. BLADE 16TH CENTURY OR LATER. (Blade length: 181 ins.)

to be seen between the central ridge and the

The illustrations demand rather detailed attention because of the nicety of the workmanship. Fig. 1 is a short sword with its scabbard lacquered with a dragon and cloud scrolls. The blade is unsigned but is engraved with a waterfall and the figure of Fudo-the God (or should one in this on one side with Fudo and a waterfall, and on the other with two dragons. Above are the five circles of the Maeda family mon or badge.

I rather think that however much we try to put ourselves in the shoes of a Japanese inheritor of one of these remarkable weapons-and, irrespective of their decoration, and disregarding scabbards and other furniture, the blades are of singular beauty, the beauty of perfect adjustment to their

horrid purpose—we are bound to fail, so profound, I understand, is the mystical feeling of contact with the past associated with them. We are then liable to be distracted from their history and their purpose and to bemuse one another with the thousand-and-one tricks resorted to by the metal - workers for their adornment; in short, the temptation is to treat them as we have been in the habit of treating most things which have poured into Europe from Japan during the past two-anda-half centuries—that is, as entertaining and rather niggling examples of virtuosity in the minor crafts, from lacquer

to print-making.

Last year's exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum of so many treasures from Japan itself—which few of us are ever likely to see again unless we are lucky enough to spend a holiday in Japan—did something to show that, in both painting and sculpture, the country did, in fact,

produce most impressive and moving work; but we are, none the less, apt to write off its contribution to the applied arts in terms of little carved netsuke, those little ivory or wooden, amusingly - carved toggles, used to hold the strings of the girdle, which are always finding their way into the auction rooms; or of the multitude of engaging prints, the majority of which are of no consequence.



FIG. 2. ALSO IN THE LLOYD BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A SIGNED BLADE OF 1510, AND ITS 19TH-CENTURY LACQUERED SCABBARD OF FLORAL DESIGN. (Blade length: 24 ins.)

case say Godling?) of War. The small character placed by itself half-way down the blade is a reminiscence of Sanscrit, known to the Japanese as bonji. The blade is catalogued cautiously as 16th century or later, the scabbard—a rather showy affair—as late 19th century.

The longer sword of Fig. 2—length of blade 24 ins. compared with the 181 ins. of Fig. 1—is dated 1510 and signed "Sukesada of Osafune. Bizen." Bizen is the province, Sukesada ostensibly the maker, but as pupils and descendants assumed the name of the master of their school, there are dozens of this and other famous names, and evidently an enormous number of false signatures and inscriptions. The scabbard is dated 1870, signed by Nakagawa Katsumi, and is lacquered with a very delicate floral design, details of which, and of the hilt, are shown on a larger scale in Fig. 3. There is also another fine sword in the collection, a *tachi* 29½ ins. long, by Masamune (1264-1343), of Sagami province. This is engraved



FIG. 3. A DETAIL OF THE SWORD AND SCABBARD IN FIG. 2, SHOWING THE HIGH STANDARD OF JAPANESE CRAFTSMANSHIP IN SWORD-MAKING WHICH HAS LASTED FROM THE 8TH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY. SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING SWORDS FROM THE LLOYD BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM ARE DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE

Yet even here, virtuosity frequently develops into a superb mastery of line and rhythm, as anyone who takes the trouble to study with any care the prints of, say, Utamaro (1753-1806) or of the earlier Harunobu (1725-70) will very soon find out for himself.

If, as we do, we find it difficult, even under expert guidance, to clear our way through this great jungle of prints and keep our minds reasonably lucid in the going, how much more difficult to cope with these 12,000 and more swordsmiths from the 8th century to the day before yesterday, most of them craftsmen of quality, some of them with a definite style of their own, all of them working in a society so remote in manners and customs from our own!

May 9, 1959

DISTINGUISHED OLD MASTER PAINTINGS: TINTORETTO, VOUET AND OTHERS.



"THE GARDENS OF A VILLA IN THE VENETO," BY BONIFAZIO DE' PITATI (1487-1553): FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S. (Oil on panel: 14) by 57) ins.)



"DAVID GUARDING HIS FLOCK," BY MATTEO DI GIOVANNI (c. 1435-c. 1495): AN UNUSUAL 16-SIDED PANEL NOW ACQUIRED BY THE BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY. (Oil on panel: 231 ins. diam.)



"THE ENTOMBMENT," BY SIMON VOUET (1590-1649): NOW ACQUIRED BY THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE. (Oil on panel: 22 by 161 ins.)



"THE FEAST OF DIVES," BY TINTORETTO (1518-1594): PAINTED ABOUT 1547 AND RELATED TO THE "LAST SUPPER" IN SAN MARCUOLA, VENICE. (Oil on panel: 91 by 231 ins.)

Thirty-three exceptionally fine and varied paintings by Old Masters are on view at P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, until May 15. The magnificent "Heath Scene with a Gypsy Encampment," by John Crome (1768-1821), was discussed at length in our issue of April 11. In a very different vein, but equally splendid, is a 16-sided Italian panel which is thought to have been a presentation salver, of the kind mentioned in Medici inventories, and probably painted in honour of a child's birth. This fine piece has been purchased by the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. Another unusual panel is the attractive and formal "The Gardens of a Villa

in the Veneto," by Bonifazio de' Pitati, also illustrated above. Gaspard Poussin (1615-1675) is well represented by an early work, "Landscape with a Quiet River," Salvator Rosa (1615-1673) by an arresting "Landscape with a Friar Preaching," and Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) by an admirable sketch of the Chinese Tan Chitqua. Among the others is a characteristic large Pannini of Roman ruins, a wing of a 15th-century triptych by the Master of the Legend of St. Katherine, and a striking Cavallino, "Judith with the Head of Holofernes." Simon Vouet's "The Entombment," an early version has been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. early version, has been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.



FIRST, I would like to quote a letter from Mr. R. H. Cox, J.P., of Falmouth: "It is

difficult to visualise any circumstances in which

anyone could watch the struggles of a hedgehog

caught in a gin and yet be unable to release it.

So that your readers may be convinced that you are not lacking in the milk of human kindness

and to assure them that you are not just a cold-blooded scientist, might it be advisable to tell

them the precise circumstances?"

WORLD OF SCIENCE. THE





ESCALATOR BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The birds built the nest but abandoned it before laying their eggs.

The next year, the amphora having been slung higher up, another pair of blue-tits took possession. The first thing they did was to remove all the moss their predecessors had laboriously brought in the year before. Then they proceeded to bring in vast quantities of fresh moss. Here, then, seemed a wonderful opportunity to watch the behaviour of a bird whose nesting habits had long puzzled me.

Blue-tits and great-tits will often choose to nest in inaccessible places. Many years ago I watched a pair of great-tits flying in with insects in the

beak, and entering a small round hole at the top of a hollow iron post of a park fence. The nest itself must have been well down from the hole. I have seen others in similar places, and the problem for me was how the birds scrambled up and down in such a narrow space. Do they use the spread wings or the feet, or both? So I kept watch on the amphora.

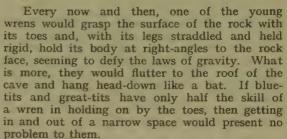
It was useless. The parent birds flew in all day long with caterpillars. They would land on the rim of the amphora, then dive inside so quickly that it was impossible to obtain any

clue to the movements they would be making inside. It was the same when they left. A head would appear, and the next moment the bird had made its exit and flown. It was a tantalising quest, trying to find the answer, and I often wished this had been a glass vase instead of an earthenware jar. And this, of course, would have been the way to find out, but the idea, so simple, did not occur to me until I had read Niko Tinbergen's account of how he put a glass back into a nesting-box and then amused himself with watching great-tits throughout the nesting season. Anyone wishing to do likewise will find it explained in his little book, "Bird Life" (Oxford University Press).

In that book Tinbergen includes a drawing which shows the great-tit clinging by its feet upside down as it comes in to feed the nestlings. This was what I had suspected but could not prove. It also explains how the youngsters get out. Young tits are precocious as compared with the young of many other song-birds. Twenty-

four hours after leaving the nest they are already beginning to peck at insects instead of sitting around waiting for the parents to feed them. They can fly quite strongly, too, when first they leave the nest.

I had an object lesson some years ago, which I should have remembered, in how well some young birds can cling with the feet. I went into a cave on the Devon coast. Its ceiling was about 8 ft. high, and in one corner of the cave was a wren's nest. Apparently the youngsters had recently left the nest, because there was one still in it waiting to be fed. The others were in various places clinging to the face of the rock. They seemed to be undisturbed by my intrusion and as I stood still watching them they flew from one perch to another. They would hit the uneven rock face with an awkward bump and cling with their strong toes, quite unmoved by the force of



Jackdaws seem to be less well gifted in this. They also favour nesting in narrow places, in chimneys and in hollow trees. There was one pair I had under observation a few years ago that had nested in an old hollow trunk of a sycamore.



IN THE ACT OF LABORIOUSLY REMOVING THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S MOSS: A BLUE-TIT EMERGING FROM AN ANCIENT AND ENCRUSTED AMPHORA WHERE IT HAD CHOSEN TO BUILD ITS NEST AND REAR ITS YOUNG.

determined to find the cause. Eventually I tracked them down by scrambling through an overgrown ditch, climbing over two thick hedges, trespassing across two private gardens in order to reach the spot. There I found the hedgehog in a fenced-in poultry-run, the other side of a stout fence that was, for me, unclimbable. The reason why I watched the hedgehog's struggles was that I was trying to see a way of releasing it, short of tearing down the fence and the poultry-run.

I made my way back to the road and went to the house to which the poultry-run belonged, fell into a ditch and twisted my ankle badly, hobbled to the front door of the house and rang the bell. Everyone had retired for the night. There was no response to my bell-ringing. The door into the garden was locked and, as my ankle was now so painful that I could hardly bear to put foot to ground, I regret to say that I gave up any further idea of trying to rescue the trapped

hedgehog.

To tell the truth, the memory of those cries reproached me for days afterwards, and I have always regretted that I did not break the law even more thoroughly and rescue the poor beast, or put it out of its misery. Perhaps my best defence is that a throbbing ankle, darkness and rain are not the most effective aids to reaching a correct decision.

I am always just a little flattered—but somewhat embarrassed—when anyone suggests, as Mr. Cox has done, that I am a scientist. With all deference to the title of this page, I have the insistent feeling that my contributions to knowledge are somewhat trivial. This week is no exception; and certainly the subject of my story is one of our smallest birds.

Some years ago I was presented with an amphora, brought up from the bed of the Mediterranean, encrusted with the hard chalky tubes of a serpulid worm. The worm-tubes ruined it as an objet d'art, and in due course, not knowing what else to do with it, I hung it by a wire from a rainwater pipe beside the porch. A pair of blue-tits nested in it, but it had been hung too near the ground for their comfort, because just below it was a favourite sunning-place for-one of our cats.



ONE MIGHT WELL THINK IT A VERITABLE LABOUR OF HERCULES FOR YOUNG BLUE-TITS TO EMERGE FROM THIS AMPHORA: DR. BURTON DESCRIBES ON THIS PAGE HOW THEY MANAGED IT EASILY. AN ADULT BIRD IS SHOWN ABOUT TO DIVE INSIDE WITH A CATERPILLAR. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

There were so many openings made by woodpeckers that the gaunt trunk looked like a gigantic flute. One could see the parent jackdaw coming up, from deep down in the trunk, struggling to reach the highest opening, which was the only one large enough to allow a jackdaw in and out. It was clear that the bird had to use toes and wingtips to support itself in order to make its way up and down, from the entrance down to the nest and back.

My friend Mr. Derek Goodwin tells me he has watched jackdaws that nested under such conditions, with wingtips so frayed that the birds had difficulty in rising from the ground. He believes that the nestlings are seldom successfully reared under such circumstances for, with their powers of flight impaired, the parent birds would have difficulty in working fast enough to feed themselves and their youngsters.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A LEADING SWEDISH CHURCH-MAN: THE LATE DR. Y. BRILIOTH. MAN: THE LATE DR. Y. BRILIOTH.
Dr. Yngve Brilioth, former
Primate of Sweden and Archbishop of Uppsala, died on
April 27, aged 67. A scholar of
Church history, he became a
Professor and Dean of Lund
University, and later Bishop of
Växjö. He made a number of
official visits to England, and
was a close friend of several
leading English churchmen.



AN ABLE ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LARKE. THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LARKE. Sir William Larke, K.B.E., who died on April 29 at the age of eighty-four, was a prominent figure in metallurgical industry and during his distinguished career he occupied many of its leading positions. Sir William Larke was for twenty years director of the National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers.



DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER: THE LATE GENERAL SIR K. ANDERSON. LATE GENERAL SIR K. ANDERSON. General Sir Kenneth Anderson, who died on April 29 at the age of sixty-seven, commanded the First Army in North Africa from the landings in the autumn of 1942 to the victorious end of the Tunisian campaign in May 1943. General Anderson showed great skill in the difficult campaign. From 1947 to 1952 he was Governor of Gibraltar. In World War One he won the M.C.



TO SUCCEED MAO TSE-TUNG: LIU SHAO-CHI. Liu Shao-chi, who has been chairman of the standing committee of the National People's Congress and second-in-command of the party, has been elected successor to Mao Tsetung as chairman of the Chinese People's Republic. Liu Shao-chi comes from a peasant family. He has opposed Soviet interference in Chinese affairs. A DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR
HONOURED: DR. JOAN EVANS.
To Dr. Joan Evans, the wellknown mediævalist and archæologist, has been given the honour
of being the first woman president of the Society of Antiquaries. She will succeed Sir
Mortimer Wheeler. Dr. Evans
was educated at St. Hugh's
College, Oxford. She has written
many scholarly works on mediæval art, particularly on jewellery. A DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR



TO CAPTAIN CAM-BRIDGE AT ATHLETICS:

Mr. K. T. MARSH.
Mr. Keith Thomas
Marsh, who is in his
final year at the university, has been
elected President of
the Cambridge University Athletics team

versity Athletics team which will oppose Oxford on May 9 at the White City Stadium. Educated at Tonbridge School, and at present at Corpus Christi, Mr. Marsh hopes to become a schoolmaster when he goes down in June.

(Left.)
TO LEAD OXFORD
ATHLETES:
MR. R. VAN ROSSUM.
Mr. Rex Van Rossum,
who was educated at
Forest School, and
who is at present at
Pembroke College,
Oxford, has been
elected President of
the Oxford University
Athletics team. The
annual university
match will take place
on May 9. Mr. Van
Rossum will be taking
part in the 120 and
220 yards high and
low hurdles, and in
the relay.



APPLAUSE FOR SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN AT THE DORCHESTER HOTEL IN CELEBRATION OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY. A luncheon was held on May 1 at the Dorchester Hotel to celebrate the eightieth birthday of the famous conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham. The luncheon was given by the Orchestral Employers Association. Those applauding are (l. to r.):

Mr. David Webster, Sir Malcolm Sargent and Mr. Norman Allin.





TO LECTURE IN ENGLAND: DR. JONAS SALK.
Dr. Jonas Salk—of
the University of
Pittsburgh—who discovered the vaccine
against poliomyelitis named after him,
arrived in London on
April 29 from Amsterdam, where he
had been giving lectures. On May 1, at
Harrogate, he addressed the Congress
of the Royal Society of
Health. He stressed
the need to protect
the unborn. DR. JONAS SALK. the unborn.



THE NEW U.S. UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE: MR. C. D. DILLON. TARY OF STATE: MR. C. D. DILLON.
Mr. Dillon, who has been serving
as United States Under-Secretary
for Economic Affairs, is seen
here at his desk after he had
been nominated by President
Eisenhower on April 30 as Mr.
Christian A. Herter's successor
as Under-Secretary of State.
Mr. Dillon is a former Ambassador to France, and joined the
State Department in 1957.



AN ARCHITECTURAL POST:
MR. H. T. CADBURY-BROWN.
Mr. H. T. Cadbury-Brown, who
was recently elected President of
the Architectural Association,
has done much work in the
development of New Towns such
as Harlow, Hatfield and Basildon, where he has designed
houses. At the Festival of
Britain Mr. Cadbury-Brown
worked on the pavilions for
"The Origins of the People." AN ARCHITECTURAL POST:



LEAD A TRADE MISSION TO RUSSIA: SIR DAVID ECCLES. RUSSIA: SIR DAVID ECCLES.
The Rt. Hon. Sir David Eccles,
President of the Board of Trade
since 1957, is to lead the British
Trade Mission to Russia in May.
Sir David Eccles has been Conservative Member for Chippenham, Wiltshire, since 1943. From 1951 to
1954 he was Minister of Works,
in the latter year becoming Minister
of Education, a post he held until
1957.



RESIGNATION AS AMBASSADOR TO BRAZIL: MRS. LUCE. TO BRAZIL: MRS. LUCE.

Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce resigned as U.S. Ambassador to Brazil on May 1, shortly after her appointment was confirmed by the Senate. Her resignation followed an attack launched against her by Senator Morse, Chairman of the Senate Sub-Committee on Affairs of the American Republics, and her outspoken comment lics, and her outspoken comment on her critic.



WINNER OF A GOLD CUP IN PARIS:

WINNER OF A GOLD CUP IN PARIS: MRS. J. COMPTON.

Mrs. Joan Compton was awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the recent International Flower Show in Paris, for her private entry—set in a fourpenny cooking tin. Her entry consisted chiefly of Leucodendrons with leaves of Begonia "Rex" and Rhododendron sinogrande. Her arrangement was first in its class and also won the championship. and also won the championship.





CAUGHT IN THE IRON GRIP OF THE CAUGHT IN THE IRON GRIP OF THE ANCHOR CHAIN WITH ITS STEEL SPHERES, SOME TREES COME CRASHING TO THE GROUND IN A CLOUD OF DUST AND BROKEN FOLIAGE.

clearance ever carried out. Huge quadrants of the Zambezi Valley quadrants of the Zambezi Valley are being deprived of their vegetation and animal life. In about five years, when the flooding of the Kariba Gorge will be complete and when one of the world's largest artificial lakes—2,000 sq. miles in area—will have been formed, trawlers will be able formed, trawlers will be able safely to drag their nets across the treeless floor of the wast lake. The future catch of fish has already been estimated by ex-perts: the shallower parts of the deep—should produce 13 tons of fish per square mile, making an annual total of 9,000 tons. The clearance has meant death for annual total of 9,000 tons. The clearance has meant death for many of the large animals—such as the buffalo and zebra—living on the islands in Lake Kariba. Since these animals are too big to be transported in boats—they will not swim ashor—most of them are being shot. The large game able to swim is being driven and then escorted to the shore by rescue hoats. The smaller animals and the second of the shore by rescue hoats. The smaller animals are such as the same than the second of the shore by rescue hoats. The smaller animals are such as the same than the rescue boats. The smaller ani-mals are driven into 30-yard nets mals are driven into 30-yard nets and carried on boats. At the time of these operations the Game Department was making a scientific survey of the animals' reactions to the conditions. Mr. Derek Kelsey, Assistant Game Officer, appealed for help in the rescue operations. He said that boats, outboard engines, portable radios and the total control of the communication between the for communication between the rescue boats.





(Right)
THREE GIANT STEEL SPHERES AT REST
AFTER CLEARING, WITH THE HUGE
BULLDOZERS THAT HAUL THEM. EACH
SPHERE WEIGHS 11 TONS, AND THE
BULLDOZERS ARE OF 320-H,P, CAPACITY.

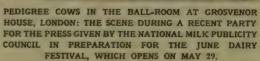
WAY IN WHICH THE RHODESIAN BUSH IS BEING CLEARED.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE GREAT KARIBA LAKE: THE DRAMATIC

FROM AN ANCIENT MURAL TO A NEW MUSICAL: RECENT HOME NEWS.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ANCIENT MURAL, DISCOVERED IN A COTTAGE NEAR HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, ON WHICH RESTORATION WORK IS PROGRESSING. Restoration work is continuing on the mural paintings discovered in a cottage at Piccott's End, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts. The discovery of the paintings, showing religious scenes and probably of the 15th or 16th centuries, was reported in our issue of March 21, 1953.





AN UNUSUAL USE FOR WASTE MATERIAL AT STAINES: A SWAN STANDS PROUDLY BY HER NEST WHICH WAS BUILT FROM RUBBLE AND WOOD SHAVINGS RESULTING FROM THE DISMANTLING OF THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES AT STAINES.



ONE OF TWO PROSECUTION WITNESSES WHO ARRIVED HOODED AT A COURT-MARTIAL AT SHEPTON MALLET, SOMER-SET, TO AVOID HAVING THEIR FACES PHOTOGRAPHED. AT THE COURT-MARTIAL, NINE OUT OF THIRTEEN MEN ACCUSED

OF MUTINY WITH VIO-LENCE AT SHEPTON MAL-LET MILITARY PRISON WERE FOUND GUILTY, AND SENTENCED, SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION.



THE HOME MADE BY A LONDON SONG THRUSH FOR ITSELF IN A CROWN DESIGNED AS PART OF THE DECORA-TIONS IN THE MALL FOR THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S VISIT. THE NEST HAS NOT BEEN DISTURBED AND A PROTECTIVE CANOPY HAS BEEN PUT UP.



THE WEDDING OF CANDIDE AND CUNEGONDE: A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF THE NEW MUSICAL

The musical "Candide" opened at the Saville Theatre on April 30. With music by Leonard Bernstein—the composer of "West Side Story"—and with colourful settings and costumes by Osbert Lancaster, the musical presents a varied and colourful spectacle. The production is by Robert Lewis.



A RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT 70 M.P.H. IN WHICH ONLY SIX PEOPLE WERE INJURED, ONLY ONE BEING DETAINED IN HOSPITAL.

There were miraculously few casualties when the Pembroke Coast express from Cardiff to Paddington was derailed near Slough on May 1. There were some 350 passengers. The coupling between the fourth and fifth coaches parted, causing the derailment.

A TRAWLING INCIDENT; A BRIDGE'S CENTENARY; SIR WINSTON OFF TO THE U.S.



CONVICTED OF FISHING WITHIN ICELAND'S FISHERY LIMITS: GEORGE HARRISON, SKIPPER OF THE LORD MONTGOMERY, BEING QUESTIONED IN THE WESTMAN ISLANDS COURT.

George Harrison was sentenced before a court in the Westman Islands to three months' detention and a fine of about £3000 for illegal fishing in Icelandic waters. He was granted bail in £8000 and given permission to leave the islands in his boat, which had been held in harbour. An appeal was made.



THE FLEETWOOD TRAWLER $LORD\ MONTGOMERY$, whose skipper was convicted of illegal fishing, docks in vestmannaeyjar harbour, with its prize crew.



BRUNEL'S ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE LINKING DEVON AND CORNWALL ILLUMINATED BY FLOODLIGHTS
IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BRIDGE.

The railway bridge linking Devon and Cornwall at Saltash, and spanning the River Tamar—a notable feat of engineering—was opened by the Prince Consort on May 2, 1859, and is to be floodlit throughout the summer as part of the Western Region's celebration of the bridge's centenary.



A NAUTICAL FAREWELL FOR A GREAT STATESMAN: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, ACCOMPANIED BY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, LEAVING TO BOARD HIS AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT, BOUND FOR THE U.S. For the ninth time since the outbreak of the last war, Sir Winston Churchill, now eighty-four, has been visiting America. He left London on May 4 for a three-day visit to President Eisenhower. He was then due to stay in New York until May 10. The children are the three sons of Lady Hesketh.



THE MAYOR OF SALTASH UNVEILING THE PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY BRUNEL.



BOARDING THE COMET AIRLINER WHICH FLEW HIM FROM LONDON TO WASHINGTON: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO IS PAYING A WEEK'S VISIT TO THE U.S.A.

THE

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE second act of "How Say You?" takes place in what the dramatists, Harold Brooke and Kay Bannerman, call "a courtroom in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court, London." Fittingly, the play appears now at the Aldwych, the nearest theatre to the Law Courts: it is, as we shall see, a fitting choice for other reasons.

At the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in "The Pleasure of His Company," we meet a muchdivorced husband who has just arrived in the home of his first wife, to be present (that is the original object of the exercise) at his daughter's marriage. All said, my recent nights in the theatre have been fraught with matrimonial complication. Good nights or bad—how say you? There I can reply cheerfully that, with reservations, they have been very pleasant. I imagine that playgoers will find them so if the mind is not bent, with Brand's "All or Nothing" concentration, upon a few hours of cerebral endeavour.

The comedies also make a useful contrast in the methods of American and British playwriting. In "The Pleasure of His Company" Samuel Taylor—who is described as the dramatist "with Cornelia Otis Skinner"—has written a piece in which the characters often talk to each other in self-conscious prose. Unlike Monsieur Jourdain, people in a certain type of American comedy always know when they are talking prose: instead of the cut-and-thrust of light-hearted dialogue they prefer a run of carefully-phrased and calculated observations: at every speech they seem to move to an invisible rostrum. The present play, infinitely less sententious than many, includes a good deal of feather-whisk banter; but it is also consciously literate, and there are more purplish patches and more quotations (not that I



"A REVEL IN A STOCKBROKER'S REGENT'S PARK DRAWING-ROOM" IN WHICH "THE ACTING IS AS WITTY AS THE WRITING": LIONEL HALE'S "GILT AND GINGERBREAD" (REVIEWED LAST WEEK).

In this scene are Charles Yeyder (John Clements), Louise, his wife, with matrimonial black eye (Kay Hammond), and Mortimer Wilmot (right), Louise's persistent admirer (Hugh Sinclair) (Duke of York's: first night, April 17.)

dislike quotation: far from it) than one finds in the average British comedy.

"How Say You?" on the other hand, is fountain-bubbling nonsense which is never conscious of itself and has absolutely no mission in life except to amuse. Where Mr. Brooke and Miss

Bannerman veer towards farce, Mr. Taylor and Miss Skinner move towards a graver form: they call it "a rueful comedy," and certainly that is apt. Their scene is a solid family house on the top of a San Francisco hill that looks towards the Golden Gate. Mother and stepfather prepare for Jessica's marriage to a young rancher who is equally in love with his Aberdeen-Angus herd. But when "Pogo" Poole—the nickname is

appropriately buoyant—turns up before the wedding, he seeks briskly and meanly to disrupt the household, to make love to his former wife, and to carry off his daughter.

He is a peripatetic, middle-aged playboy: mercurial still, blessed with what appears to be



"FOUNTAIN-BUBBLING NONSENSE, WHICH HAS ABSOLUTELY NO MISSION IN LIFE EXCEPT TO AMUSE": FRANCES PILBRIGHT (ANN FIRBANK) AND MR. PEEBLES (A. E. MATTHEWS) IN A SCENE FROM "HOW SAY YOU?" (ALDWYCH THEATRE; FIRST NIGHT, APRIL 22.)

conquering charm, but knowing at heart that no one will stay with him again, and that he will stay with no one. Beneath his parade, "Pogo" is a curiously wistful figure. I had better not say here just how his disruptive campaign fares, but we can spend an agreeable night with the pleasure of his company (as Nigel Patrick plays him), and of Coral Browne's as his wife (she once stood on her head in the Place Pigalle, whistling "Swanee River"), and Judith Stott's as his daughter. She is, by the way, a subscriber to The Illustrated London News.

The girl's grandfather, a serenely philosophic writer (resolved, he says, to remain in an ivory tower), is acted by Barry Jones, and acted with the creamiest urbanity. We do not see enough of Mr. Jones on the London stage. I am sure that, from "The Pleasure of His Company," I shall remember, first of all, Grandfather's gently bland observation, "What is truth?—no, I take that back. It has been asked."

Just now, I said that the Aldwych was a fitting choice for "How Say You?" and not solely because its own High Court is not so very far from the staider one. To this day, and though it has been hospitable to so many kinds of piece, we think of the Aldwych Theatre in terms of farce, and "How Say You?" undoubtedly looks hard in that direction. Some months ago, I remember, we had a direct contradiction to the view that a trial scene in the theatre cannot fail. But now Mr. Brooke and Miss Bannerman have brought us back happily to the earlier counsel's opinion.

In their court of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division Mrs. Gladys Pudney is applying for restitution of conjugal rights, and Mr. Justice Hadden is finding the case uncommonly difficult to judge. For one thing, opposing counsel are obviously engaged in a private war—they come, in fact, from the same chambers

somewhere near King's Bench Walk—and one of them is a determined young woman barrister more zealous than efficient. Moreover, the principals in the case know nothing about the rules of court behaviour, and even a "surprise witness" turns out to be A. E. Matthews in a wheel-chair. It is not, maybe, a precise reproduction of a British judicial hearing; but it is most amusing in its light-hearted way if you think of it in the words of the Gilbertian chorus:

Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law! Trial-la-law!—Trial-la-law! Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!

As with the Haymarket play, I cannot describe here what happens at the Aldwych: there are surprises that must develop naturally with the evening. But I can speak of A. E. Matthews. He is a former registrar, a Mr. Peebles, with a passionately exact memory, across the years, for all the things that do not matter—for example, a lightly-boiled breakfast egg. As a performance by an actor in his ninetieth year, this may be remembered with some awe, though awe is the last emotion "Matty" expects to produce. His eyes are as bright as ever, and the gusto with which he remembered Mafeking Night—apparently having forgotten everything about a couple of minor world wars since then—delighted an affectionate first-night audience.

Others in the Aldwych cast carry the play through with enjoyment that will probably be shared by members of the conveniently neighbouring Inns of Court. Kathleen Harrison, as the petitioner, should be heard as she enunciates the word "naughty," now a Harrison label; Ann Firbank is indignantly, and tactlessly, the new white-wigged Portia, and Francis Matthews her rival; and Leslie Dwyer, Hoxton-type, is forever



A COMEDY BY SAMUEL TAYLOR, WITH CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, ABOUT A MUCH-DIVORCED HUSBAND WHO ARRIVES AT THE HOME OF HIS FIRST WIFE FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE, AND ENSUING EXCITEMENTS: "THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In this scene "Pogo" Poole (Nigel Patrick, left) is seen with his first wife, Katharine Dougherty (Coral Browne), and her husband, Jim (David Langton). (First night, April 23.)

rapping out apparently richly comic jests about monkeys. The only player I am unsure of is the young solicitor who is something of a "wolf," and that may be because it is by no means my favourite character.

Still, you will have gathered that I do not complain of this pair of evenings, each civilised

in its fashion and neither calling for the cerebration we had once, unavailingly, to extend to a piece in a club theatre. There the dramatist, in a programme note, thanked "a research unit in psychodynamics for help and advice in relation to the dream function within the community at the present time." I would like very much to hear comments on that by "Pogo" Poole and Mr. ("Matty") Peebles.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"URFAUST" (Princes).—The Swedish Malmö City Company, with Max Von Sydow, in Ingmar Bergman's production of Goethe's play. (May 4.)

"THE WORLD OF PAUL SLICKEY" (Palace).—A musical play by John Osborne, with music by Christopher Whelen. (May 5.)

"LET THEM EAT CAKE" (Cambridge).—A cast of stars in a posthumous comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. (May 6.)

THE IMAGINATIVE ART OF ODILON REDON: AN IMPORTANT CHARITY EXHIBITION.



"DANTE ET VIRGILE," SIGNED AND DATED 1865. THE SUBJECT IS TAKEN FROM A PASSAGE IN DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY." (Charcoal on buff paper: 91 by 141 ins.)

"RUE DE VILLAGE," c. 1875: ONE OF THE PICTURES FROM THE CHARITY EXHIBITION OF 85 WORKS BY ODILON REDON AT THE MATTHIESEN GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 16½ by 11¾ ins.)



"PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE A 27 ANS": A SELF-PORTRAIT OF 1865; ONE OF REDON'S BEST-KNOWN WORKS. (Oil on panel; 13% by 9% ins.)



"LE SPHINX," c. 1885; SHOWING THE BLEND OF REALISM AND FREE IMAGINATION PREVALENT IN MUCH OF HIS WORK. REDON WROTE, "MY DRAWINGS INSPIRE, AND ARE NOT TO BE DEFINED.... THEY ARE A KIND OF METAPHOR. (Black chalk drawing: 173 by 13 ins.)



"TETE COURONNEE," c. 1883; ONE OF THE LOVELIEST

OF THE 85 PICTURES NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON.

"LAPINS," 1895-1900: A DELIGHTFUL STUDY. IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND REDON WROTE, "I HAVE ALWAYS FELT THE NECESSITY FOR COPYING SMALL... OBJECTS FROM NATURE." (Water-colour: 101 by 72 ins.)

DILON REDON (1840-1916) was born in the same year as Monet; yet it is hard to imagine two painters with more diverse opinions about their art. Redon, blind perhaps to the greatest qualities of Impressionism, found its visual ideals limiting and inferior, and declared that "while I recognise the necessity of the thing seen as a base, true art is in reality felt." It is hardly surprising, then, that Redon's art found its strongest support from symbolist poets like Mallarmé, and later from the Surrealists. The current exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142, New Bond Street, open until June 20, is the first of its kind for over twenty years, and it shows the highly personal, dream-like quality of his imagination, which endows his subjects with an air of haunting mystery.

While rooted in realism, his pictures seem to reach out for meanings which they can only suggest. As Redon himself said, "They are a kind of metaphor." Many private collections and seven museums—in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France and Great Britain—have made possible this exhibition, which is in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research.



"LA DAME AU MANTEAU D'ASTRACAN," SIGNED AND DATED 1900: SHOWING THE SOFTNESS AND SENSITIVITY OF REDON'S DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. (Pastel: 221 by 19 ins.)

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

M OST of us, as we get older, find that our interests become progressively narrower, and our abilities smaller. Brigadier Sir John Smyth, V.C., on the other hand, displays an expanding versatility. To his experiences as a gallant soldier during and between two world wars, and

to his activities as a Member of Parliament for a marginal seat, he has recently been adding an admirable knack of authorship. Only a few months ago he produced that delightful children's book "Paradise Island" which he has now followed with his autobiography, The Only Enemy. I can most warmly recommend it. For me there is a special interest in the early chapters dealing with his childhood and young manhood in India. This, like the rest of it, is well done indeed. Students of warfare will find that his descriptions of the campaigns in which he took part are of a most satisfying clarity, and those who part are of a most satisfying clarity, and those who are interested in politics will be grateful to him for his excellent descriptions of political events since the war. The Foreign Secretary's friends, in particular, will be delighted to read that Sir John considers him "a calm and impregnable figure" and that "in the wavering and sharply divided conflicts of opinion among the Partice. divided conflicts of opinion among the Parties and the nations, Selwyn Lloyd has stood as a rock of consistency and strength. And that, after all, is no mean tribute to a man-or to a nation. The book is well written, the story is worth telling, and it is, throughout, informed by a gentle and kindly modesty.

I can think of no other figure in our political history whose rise was so meteoric, whose position appeared so assured, and whose downfall was so appeared so assured, and whose downfall was so swift and complete as Lord Randolph Churchill (which is the title of a book by Robert Rhodes James which I have just read). Sir John Smyth wrongly (in my belief) took the title of his book from a quotation "Life is what you make it, and the only enemy is—yourself." But how completely that quotation applies to Lord Randolph! Within a few short years he had become the idol of the a few short years he had become the idol of the Tory Party, and the terror of the Whigs and Liberals. His friends loved him, his enemies feared him, his oratory made him the biggest draw in the country, and his courage, audacity and wit could be sure of filling the House of Commons the minute it was known that "Randolph is up." What really prompted him to commit the supreme folly of his unnecessary and fatal resignation from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer may never be known. Certainly Mr. James, while he examines the subject exhaustively (though never tediously), and with the aid of much new material, leaves me, however, as puzzled as I was before opening this book. The tragedy of Lord Randolph's declining years is retold with taste and poignancy. The book is not merely a fascinating study of a brilliant man (omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperas-set?), but is one of the best descriptive histories of politics of the late nineteenth century which has

We have been hearing a good deal about Red We have been hearing a good deal about their China lately, and I wager, rather sombrely, that we shall be hearing a good deal more. Mr. William Stevenson, of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, has written THE YELLOW WIND, which is, as one might imagine—for Mr. Stevenson is an experienced journalist—a good piece of objective reporting. Its publication is timely, because the author went as near as he could to Tibet—no one would give him a visa to enter—and recent events can have come as no surprise to him. His conclusions are rather indefinite but unmistakably pessimistic. "Sometimes I thought," he writes, "after many days alone among them, that the Chinese made perfect ants." Then a coolie in what seemed to be a chain-gang suddenly addressed him in French. "The shock of discovering them to be human beings resulted in a welcome condition of great tolerance and sympathy." All the same, one French-speaking coolie-and many Chinese who disobey the new law against spitting in public-hardly add up to great promise for the

so far appeared.

Fiction, even of a mediocre kind, is a relief from these disquieting speculations. I have always enjoyed the work of Mr. Alfred Duggan, but I find that his Founding Fathers does not really do him justice. It starts with Romulus and Remus and the founding of Rome, and ends with the election of Numa Pompilius as king. In between, of course, we have the affair of the Sabine women; how the Tarpeian Rock got its name; and a good deal of toughness in love and war. It is not bad, but I felt that it just failed to convince. Still, I have no difficulty in understanding every word that Mr. Duggan writes, whereas I am beginning to despair of being able to pass an even elementary examination in Pasternak-for-Beginners. Even after I had read Mr. George Reavey's introduction, in which he so kindly explains the significance,

origin, and plot of the now famous Russian master's THE LAST SUMMER, I could not honestly claim, when I had finished this very short book, that I had plucked out the heart of its mystery. Never mind. Others will do so-or believe that they have done so.

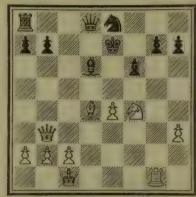
On home ground again, I found Miss Jacquetta Hawkes's Providence Island a curiously naïve little tale. It contains all the ingredients you would expect: a group of "intelligent"—in the New Statesman sense—British archæologists; an undiscovered island peopled by a race which had

STATE AND A STATE OF THE STATE CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EACH position this week is just one move deep. One move was made (can you find it?) by White, and Black then resigned.

Black.



White, to play.

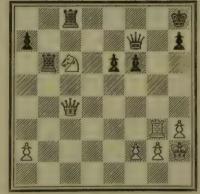
Black.



White, to play.

Black.

3.



White, to play. Easier!

The answers: (1) 1. $B \times BPch!!$ 1f 1... $K \times B$, or 1... $P \times B$, 2. Q - K6ch (mate). If 1... $K \times B$, 2. $R \times Pch$. (2) 1. $Q \times Rch!$ for after 1... $K \times Q$, White forces mate by 2. $R \times Pch$, 3. R - B8ch and 4. R(Bx) - B7. (3) 1. Kt - K5, for if 1... $R \times Q$, 2. $Kt \times Q$ is mate. 1... Q - Bx; 2. $Q \times R!$ $Q \times Q$; 3. Kt - B7 mate is an echo-variation.

remained prehistoric in every material sense had developed wonderful psychic powers; and an aircraft full of wicked Americans who want to drop H-bombs. The ending might be described, again in the New Statesman sense, as

A feud between the headmaster of a grammar school and his second-in-command is the theme of THE WONDER OF AN HOUR, by Mr. Peter Coleridge. Apart from an unsolved, and apparently insoluble, mystery as to how the latter met his death, there seemed to me to be very little in this book. The blurb has an ecstatic sentence or two about the wonderful way in which the author successfully portrayed "the apathies and affinities, the veering friendships and irreverent gaiety of this complex stage in boys' lives." Yes, I dare say—but all these things tend to be very

dull, Mr. Coleridge—unless you pep them up, in the modern manner, with spices. You are much to be congratulated on having refused to do so.

No Irishman could be innately disposed to quarrel with a book of Irish short stories, but I thought that at times the local colour was overdone in Geraldine Cummins's VARIETY SHOW. (The word "begorrah!" does not, so far as I remember, actually appear, but it never seems to be far from the author's nib.) Uneven as the book is, it contains much that is well worth reading, in a variety of moods—especially a rather horrible little piece entitled "Perfect Company." (Before I leave this week's novels, I must just mention a reprint of George Orwell's THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER, which contains so much that thould be said ever and ever again including the should be said over and over again, including the devastating criticism: "The underlying motive of many Socialists, I believe, is simply a hypertrophied sense of order." There, indeed, you have it!)

I have also read Yseult Bridges's Two Studies IN Crime, which compares the murder of Lord William Russell by his valet, in 1840, with the trial of William Herbert Wallace for the murder of his wife Julia, in 1931. The latter, in particular, exercised the minds of two old friends of mine, the late Mr. James Agate and Mr. Edgar Lustgarten, and will always, I suppose, be good material for an argument among criminologists. This book is very well done.

All this time, I have been sitting at my typewriter, glancing uneasily at Fleur Cowles's The Case of Salvador Dali. What on earth am I expected to say about this? It is as honest a expected to say about this? It is as nonest a piece of biography as ever I have encountered, but as I read it, my disgust deepened to nausea. Psychoneurotics are, for the most part, greatly to be pitied, but I find that pity dies if their disabilities are flaunted and boasted about. I say nothing about Dali's art; that is for those who can take it. I certainly cannot take this book. (It does not I certainly cannot take this book. (It does not, as far as I can see, include one admirable Dali anecdote which is a favourite of mine. Asked by a friend why he painted his wife with mutton chops on her shoulder, he replied: "I love my wife; I love mutton chops"!)

I also liked THE CHILDREN, by James Vance Marshall. These children are brother and sister, a girl of thirteen and a boy of eight, the sole survivors of an air crash in the Australian bush. They are befriended by a boy aborigine, of about the girl's age. It is rather an odd novel, concerned largely with the girl's psychological reaction to the black boy's unself-conscious nakedness. Freud in Eden, perhaps, but in the end Freud is defeated without any "incidents."

So I have deliberately kept to the last Mr. Lanning Roper's delightful and beautifully illustrated book, The Gardens in the Royal Park at Windson. There is a healing virtue in flowers of which one sometimes finds oneself sorely in need.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE ONLY ENEMY, by Brigadier Sir John Smyth. (Hutchinson; 30s.)

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, by Robert Rhodes
James. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 36s.)

THE YELLOW WIND, by William Stevenson. (Cassell; 30s.)

Founding Fathers, by Alfred Duggan. (Faber ; 16s.) THE LAST SUMMER, by Boris Pasternak. (Peter

Providence Island, by Jacquetta Hawkes. (Chatto and Windus; 16s.)

THE WONDER OF AN HOUR, by Peter Coleridge. (Chatto and Windus; 16s:)

VARIETY Show, by Geraldine Cummins. (Barrie and Rockliff; 13s. 6d.)

THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER, by George Orwell. (Secker and Warburg; 18s.)

Two Studies in Crime, by Yscult Bridges. (Hutchinson; 21s.)

THE CASE OF SALVADOR DALI, by Fleur Cowles. (Heinemann; 42s.)

THE CHILDREN, by James Vance Marshall. (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.)

THE GARDENS IN THE ROYAL PARK AT WINDSOR, by Lanning Roper. (Chatto and Windus; 63s.)









As everybody knows, there never was such an expert in flower-show-opening, such a perfectionist in this difficult art, as Lady Margaret Horley-Lampe. "A great pleasure to come amongst you once more" is of course the right way to begin: but it is not exactly what she says—it is the absolute rightness of her general Flower Show qualities. To begin with, as the daughter of a Duke but married to a Mr., her position is ideal, and her choice inevitable. It is true that in 1953 her sequence of sixteen consecutive appearances was incredibly broken in favour of Miss Daphne Dote, the film actress, from Ruislip: but fortunately this breach was healed by the resignation of that unsuitable Show Secretary, Charlie Wiggins. Lady Margaret knows exactly when to arrive, by which entrance, and across what reserved paddock, in her completely un-self-driven car. Flower Show colours, we observe from her, are strongly pale and emphatically matching. The accent is on the good grey of her suede gloves. Her coat, pale in a very slightly contrasted direction, is English summer weight—i.e. suitable for all purposes.

"All of us who have the interests of the Flower Show at heart" is a good thing to say before a slight criticism: but Lady Margaret was so outstandingly suitable that nobody minded, or indeed noticed, if in her speech she wandered to the extent of mentioning her plan for a washing-up machine in the canteen of the kennel club. But the Complete Opener should know by instinct that it is Goatley, cashier of the little bank in the High Street, who is this year's Secretary; she will remember that Miss Edelscote must be complimented, as she has been for the last twenty years, for producing the best Lauschia phipps-vaughanii, though it is faintly annoying that as always she slightly mispronounces Miss Edelscote's name. She is delighted, once more, that the younger people are taking an interest in flowers; and though she somehow infers that flower shows in general are not subject to the petty differences of local politics, she makes it fairly clear which politics these are.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXIX. WHITGIFT SCHOOL.





IN FRONT OF THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK: A COMBINED CADET FORCE PARADE. THE SCIENCE BLOCK IS PART OF THE SCHOOL'S LATEST EXTENSION.



ON THE TERRACE: THE "SCHOOL DRUMS" MARCHING UP AND DOWN DURING PRACTICE. THE SCHOOL MOVED TO HALING PARK, ITS PRESENT SITE, IN 1931.

Whitgift School descends from the grammar school founded in Croydon by John Whitgift (1530?-1604), Archbishop of Canterbury, at the end of the 16th century. It is now an independent public day school and has been situated in its present spacious surroundings at Haling Park, South Croydon, since 1931. The history of Archbishop Whitgift's school has been varied. In the 17th and early 18th centuries it was flourishing, but by 1835, after a period of decline, it had ceased entirely to function as a school, the

Schoolmaster in charge no longer having any pupils. The income of the Hospital in Croydon, also founded by Whitgift and to which the school had been attached, had by this time considerably increased, and it was not long before a move was made to revive the school. Its re-establishment took place in 1871, when new premises—now housing Trinity School of John Whitgift (long known as Whitgift Middle School)—had been built in Croydon near Whitgift's Hospital.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

WHITGIFT SCHOOL: AT HALING PARK, FORMERLY THE HOME OF LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM - AND ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT'S HOSPITAL





MR. MARLAR, THE HEADMASTER (LEFT), WITH THE SECOND MASTER, MR. EWEN, TALKING TO THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN AND SENIOR PREFECT.



FIGGING A SAIL ON A WHALER IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS: MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL SECTION OF THE C.C.F. BEING INSTRUCTED IN SAILING.



(Above.)
MORNING PRAYERS
AND THE LESSON:
A DAILY SCENE IN
BIG SCHOOL THE
HEADMASTER AND
MEMBERS OF THE
STAFF CAN BE SEEN
SEATED ON THE
DAIS AT THE BACK
UNHITGIFT—A PUBLIC DAIS SCHOOL—

(Right.)
MEMBERS OF THE
SCHOOL SCOUT
TROOP—WITH TWO
SCOUTMASTERS— ON A TEMPORARY
BRIDGE WHICH
THEY HAVE JUST
SUCCESSFULLY
ERECTED.





A VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY, LOOKING







(Left.)
A FASCINATING HOBBY FOR THE JUNIOR BOYS: MEMBERS OF THE MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB ABOUT TO FLY SOME OF THE AIRCRAFT THEY HAVE MADE.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: SOME OF THE BOYS PLAYING CHESS DURING THE MEMBERS OF ANDREW'S HOUSE SINGING ON THE DAIS IN BIG SCHOOL: A SCENE DURING LUNCH HOUR AT WHITGIFT.

MEMBERS OF ANDREW'S HOUSE SINGING ON THE DAIS IN BIG SCHOOL: A SCENE DURING PRACTICE FOR A MUSICAL COMPETITION.

AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL, IN CROYDON—A NOTABLE ELIZABETHAN BUILDING—FOUNDED, LIKE THE SCHOOL, BY ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT.

With its re-establishment towards the end of the last century, Whitgift entered its second phase of prosperity, and in recent years the school has expanded steadily. (The Trinity School of John Whitgift, supported by the same Foundation as Whitgift itself, was founded as an elementary school for the boys of poor families in 1887, later becoming a secondary school, and—when Whitgift moved to South Croydon—moving into the premises built for the



THE DEED OF 1600 BY WHICH A PRIVATE GIFT OF AN ANNUITY OF £6 13s. 4d.
WAS MADE TO ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT'S HOSPITAL.

reopening of Whitgift in 1871.) After the reopening, Mr. Robert Brodie, Headmaster from 1871 to 1902, and his successor, Mr. S. O. Andrew, played a leading part in regaining a high reputation for the school. The present school grounds at Haling Park formerly belonged to Lord Howard of Effingham, commander of the English fleet against the Armada, who must have been well acquainted with the Founder, and it was from the Park and from

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News"

nearby that the timber and brick clay for the building of Whitgift's Hospital were obtained. The Hospital, a notable example of Elizabethan architecture, still stands in its prominent position in Croydon and is still in use as an almshouse, the purpose for which it was founded. It was frequently visited by Whitgift, the Archbishop's country residence being in his day the Palace in Croydon, which is situated near the Parish Church, where Whitgift was by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

buried, and is now in use as a girls' school. Archbishop Whitgift "had ever a great affection to live at his Manor House at Croydon, for the sweetness of the place ... yet after he had builded his hospital and school he was further in love with the place than before." The Elizabethan school building was adjacent to the Hospital and was used again by Whitgift School when it reopened in its new premises in 1871, but it has since been demolished.

WHITGIFT SCHOOL: ARTS AND SCIENCES—VARIED SCENES



MR. POTTER, THE ART MASTER, SUPERVISING LINO-CUTTING DURING AN ART CLASS, WHILE OTHER BOYS PRACTISE ARTISTIC LETTERING.



SCHOOLBOY SCULPTORS AT WORK: A SCENE DURING A SCULPTURE CLASS, WITH STRIKING MODERN TRENDS VISIBLE IN THE OBJECT TO THE LEFT.



A SCENE DURING A GEOLOGY CLASS, WITH—IN THE BACKGROUND—BOYS WORKING AT A NEWLY-ACQUIRED MACHINE FOR BREAKING DOWN ROCK SPECIMENS.

As Archbishop of Canterbury, John Whitgift enjoyed a long and uninterrupted friendship with Queen Elizabeth, and when the Queen authorised his building of the Hospital in Croydon a Licence was given for the Hospital to hold lands in mortmain up to the value of £200 per annum. Of the member of the Hospital appointed to teach the school, Archbishop Whitgift ordained that he "shale be a person well qualyfyde for that function, that is to saye, an honest man learned in the Greeke and Lattin tounges, a good versifiere in bothe the



IN THE TYPOGRAPHICAL SECTION OF THE ART SCHOOL—WORKING AT THE PRESSES AND AT OTHER PRINTING PROCESSES.



FROM SCULPTURE TO METALWORK: A BUSY SCENE AS BOYS WORK AT BENCH, ANVIL AND FORGE IN THE METALWORK SHOP.



LEARNING ABOUT THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE: MEMBERS OF THE ARMY SECTION STUDYING AN ARMY LORRY.

foresayde languages, and also to wryte well (if possible yt may be) . . . which poore brother shall have the some of twenty pound yearly for his stipende." The school's large modern buildings at Haling Park are now in the process of being extended, the recently-built science and geography block, erected with assistance from the Industrial Fund, forming the first part of a new quadrangle which is to include more laboratories, new Art and Music Rooms, and a Lecture Hall.

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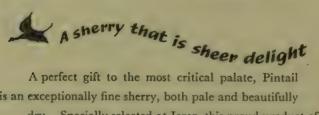
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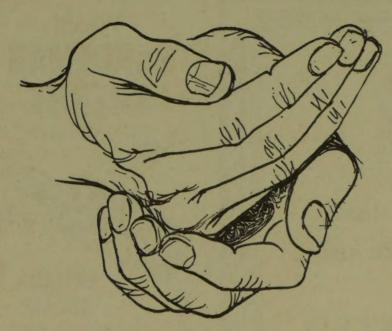


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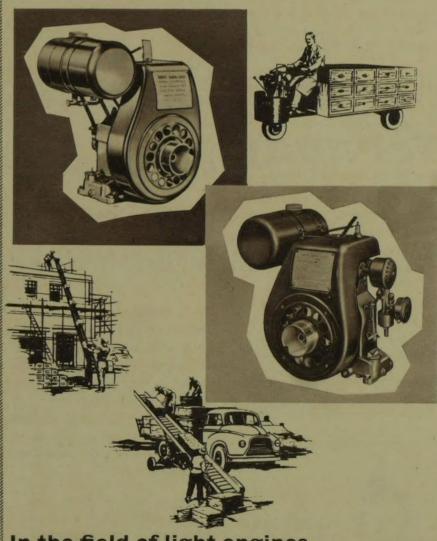
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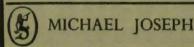
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